

# Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 6, 1962

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4. NOTRE DAME  
5. PENN STATE




Purdue's Larry Keyes



**Want dry feet?  
You get them in  
Sport-Wick.<sup>™</sup>  
From Interwoven,  
the company that puts  
its foot down.  
Interwoven<sup>®</sup>**

THE GREATEST NAME IN SOCKS

We weren't satisfied with the old absorbent socks. So we kept going until we got the patented Birdwick<sup>®</sup> process. It draws moisture away from your skin and into a top layer of special yarn. Sport-Wick, in 18 colors. Cushion foot. One size for all. \$1.50. You don't get to be the greatest name in socks without putting your foot down. Another fine product of  Kayser-Roth.

NET WT. 5.000.000

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Sorry about that.

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The world's longest writing dollar ballpoint pen **SHEAFFER**





# IT'S PUNT PASS & KICK TIME



Ara Parseghian talks about PP&K—  
"Not so many years ago...remember, dad, when you enjoyed football with the gang at the corner lot? As a coach, I train many young men who started out that way. And there are a few future pros among them each year. My boy has competed in PP&K

and found it great fun as well as challenging. PP&K time, this year, is your chance to let your son enjoy one of the most exciting experiences of his young life and get to know a little more about football skills.

"Sign up your boy in the 1968 Punt, Pass & Kick Competition at your participating Ford Dealer. Boys 8 through 13 compete against boys their own age in punting, passing and place-kicking. There's no body contact. Registration is from September 3 through October 4. To

register, a boy must be accompanied by a parent or legal guardian.

"See your boy win a local trophy... go on to higher competitions and other awards... even get free trips, along with you, to NFL games. Can't you just see him competing in the nationals at the NFL Play-Off Game in Miami?

Then going on a Tour of Champions to Washington along with you and your wife?

"Get him in on the fun now! Each entrant receives a free Tips Book written by NFL stars and an official entrant's lapel pin. Take your boy to your Ford Dealer today. Who knows? He may even be on one of our college or pro football teams some day! Not so many years from now..."

**FORD** 

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Cover photograph by Neil Leifer

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## Next week

PRO FOOTBALL moves into high gear as the AFL opens its schedule this week, the NFL next. Can Green Bay make it four NFL championships in a row? Is there any team to challenge Oakland's dominance of the AFL? Complete scouting reports by Tex Maule and Edwyn Shraek, with predictions of all the division winners, will answer these and other questions. Also action color photographs of the top stars, plus a revealing look at Dan Meredith, the colorful Dallas Cowboy quarterback. And, of course, the usual news and feature stories.





## Is warmth the reason?

A cozy, draft-free home is the reason our newest subsidiary, **CARADCO**, has already made more than 55 million windows and 30 million doors for the housing industry.

But warmth is not the only reason Scovill has been paying continuous dividends for 112 years.

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**DOES A LOT FOR YOU.**

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# The biggest It's only right.





# Let's play showdown.

Get out your cards, and let's compare.

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## OTHER CARD

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\*How Revolving Charge Works: When you receive your bill there will be two amounts you can pay if the bill is over \$10: The full amount, and another smaller amount. The smaller amount will either be 10% of your total bill (if the bill is over \$100) or \$10 (if your bill is under \$100). As with all plans of this type there is a service charge called a Time Price Differential.





*We think*

## Mike Batza

*is great!*

Mike is a special type of insurance man. When you meet him you'll quickly recognize him for what he is... a specialist... an acknowledged expert in his field of financial planning.

Mike's office is located at 990 Grove Street, Evanston, Illinois. When you have Mike Batza working for you, you've got one of the best.



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GENERAL**

Connecticut General Life Insurance Company, Hartford • At Connecticut General we do things a little differently.

delightful  
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### GOLF

(according to Webster): A game that consists of hitting a small hard ball with a long shafted wood or iron-headed club over a grassed course with a succession of strokes.

### GOLF

As you'll find it in *SI*: A lesson from a great pro, a look at the country's finest courses—in color; previews of the big tournaments and a chat with the winner, Gary Player's strategy, Billy Casper's diet, Arnold Palmer's "come-back", one of the best reasons in the world for digging out your clubs or practicing your swing...

**SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**

**"I couldn't  
take a  
chance on  
hiring  
someone  
who's  
mentally  
retarded."**

If that's how you feel,  
you don't know the facts.  
Write for a free booklet to  
The President's Committee  
on Mental Retardation,  
Washington, D.C.



# BOOKTALK

If you're a turned-on water rat, you'll want to drift down the Mackenzie River

Drifting down a river in a motorless craft is just about the best method in the world of "getting away from it all," writes Elmore B. Nickerson in a statement guaranteed in turn on river rats almost everywhere. In a new book, *Kayaks to the Arctic* (Howell-North Books, Berkeley, Calif., \$4.95), Mrs. Nickerson, a high school physical-education teacher from Alamo, Calif., describes a 10-week summer tour down Canada's mighty Mackenzie River with her husband and three sons, ages 10, 12 and 19. Her pleasantly escapist story rambles along downstream from the day in late June when the family put in their three Klepper folding kayaks at Fort Providence just west of Great Slave Lake to the day in August when they finally "took out," nearly 1,000 miles downriver at Inuvik in the sprawling, muddy Mackenzie Delta.

It was an ambitious journey even for seasoned kayakers and campers like the Nickersons. They had their share of sudden and severe squalls, rough seas ("rolling along over two-foot cumbers in a craft that has maybe four inches of freeboard"), three-day northerly winds and what must be the world's greatest concentration of bloodthirsty mosquitoes, building fires and no-see-ums that forced them to wear "full bush armor" when they camped at night along the river.

But there were also idyllic days when the family rafted their kayaks together and drifted through swift stretches, relaxing and doing the Laundry over the side. The boys caught pike and grayling, made friends with Slavey Indian and Eskimo children and "finally learned to enjoy 'listening' to the quiet." Black bears, jaggers, ducks, geese and bobcats were abundant, and ample driftwood made campfire cooking easy. The Nickersons ate mostly dried and dehydrated foods and reprocessed at Hudson's Bay stores in the river settlements. In camp, the family played checkers and cards, read and had songfests with 19-year-old Devon on the guitar.

News of their progress preceded them downriver by "moccasin telegraph" and the Nickersons were warmly welcomed at each of the large settlements they visited and at Indian fish camps, oil rigs and construction sites in the bush.

Sadly and unaccountably, *Kayaks to the Arctic*, like so many travel-adventure books, suffers from the lack of a detailed map on which to trace the family's journey. River rats who want to follow the Nickersons' voyaging in imagination are advised to buy a good map of the North country before settling down with this otherwise very readable book.

—DUNCAN BARNES

# should do more.

In this age of skepticism, when you say to people, "We do more," they tend to put their tongues in their cheeks and roll their eyes skyward.

Perhaps this is because people have come to suspect that saying you do more in ads and actually doing more can be horses of different colors.

At the risk of provoking further skepticism, we'd like to say here and now we do more.

We don't ask your undying gratitude for this. After all, since we got to be the biggest on your money it's only right that we should give some of it back in good service.

In that light, we've listed here some of the things we do more of.

## Our car's better than your car.

It would be foolhardy to try your patience with the nuts and bolts of our car maintenance.

(How we keep our cars in good running order is our problem and we intend to keep it that way.)

There are, however, two short nuts and bolts we think you might find interesting.

One, on the average, a Hertz car is rented just 71 times before we get rid of it. And between those 71 rentals our mechanics have orders to give it more babying than even the factory warranty calls for.

And two, if there is a question about how a car is running we tell our people not to give you the car. We think if you have to be disappointed you should be disappointed at the counter, not on the road.

## There's a Hertz office in the vicinity of this ad.

It's hard to go anywhere in this world without being near a Coke machine or a Hertz counter.

A fact which cannot be fully appreciated until such time as you want to pick up or drop off a car in some town where the major industry is the Hertz office.

A fact, which you can start appreciating right now, is that you can rent a Hertz car in one city and drop it off in virtually any other city in the United States. And between over 50 major cities, you can rent a Ford sedan in one and drop it off in another and you won't get

hit with a drop-off charge. (If you want to know what we call a major city, call any Hertz office.)

## If you're ever not in the neighborhood, give us a call.

If you're in Des Moines and you want to reserve a car in, say, San Francisco or New York, you don't have to call San Francisco or New York. All you have to do is call your local Hertz office and we'll reserve a car for you at any one of our offices anywhere in the world.

If you're in a hotel lobby, you can get a car by picking up one of those little yellow phones we've placed in the lobbies of hundreds of hotels and motels.

If you're in an airport about to fly someplace and you forgot to reserve a car, it's not too late. On your way to the plane stop at the Hertz counter and by the time you land we'll have a car for you.

Or if you're talking to an airline or a travel agent, you don't have to talk to us at all. Have them call us.

## Behind every smile, a brain.

Good Hertz girls are made not born. They're also good for more than handing out keys.

We put them through a most exhaustive (they claim the most exhaustive) training program in the business.

And when they're through, our girls can help you with everything from figuring out the lowest possible rate for the time you're going to be using the car—to the fastest way back to the airport during rush hours.



## Man cannot live by four-door Fords alone.

There's nothing wrong with four-door sedans per se. Unless, of course, the car you left at home

happens to be a four-door sedan.

In which case we think you deserve a change. So we've put together the widest variety of Fords and other new cars in the business for you to change to.

Hard-tops, convertibles and station wagons. Mustangs, Mercurys, Thunderbirds, Continentals and even some \$8,000 Mark III's.

And if you're in the mood to rent something your wife may never let you own, you may want to try a Shelby Cobra or a Mercury Cougar XRT-G.

## The A. S. P. C. R. (American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Car Renters).

We've said it before: traveling for a living is no way to live.

Since more than half of our business comes from men who travel on business, we don't think it's going to kill us to help out where and when we can.

If, for example, you know where you're going but aren't too sure how to get there, tell the Hertz girl. She'll give you specially made maps on how to get around the city. And if you're not Daniel Boone at reading maps she'll even diagram them for you.

If you're a stranger in one of America's 28 largest cities we'll give you the world's most complete guide on how to survive in that city. The Hertz Survival Manual.

If you're running to catch a plane, we won't make you stand in line behind people who aren't. If you're a charge customer (we accept most major credit cards) all you have to do is stuff your keys inside your rental envelope, write your mileage on the back, drop it on the counter and take off.

And if you're temporarily embarrassed for cash—and have a Hertz credit card—we'll even lend you \$10 on your IOU.

After all, we couldn't in all conscience claim to do more if we only paid attention to the car the man rents and ignored the man who rents the car. c





# COLLEGE FOOTBALL STARTS SEPT. 14 ON ABC

This year, ABC Sports brings you the most exciting NCAA college football ever scheduled on television. A "wild-card" game of national interest will be added during the season. Two night games are already set. Four key conference games will be selected in mid-November. Enjoy college football in color, covered with the imagination and skill you've come to expect from ABC Sports.

SEPTEMBER 14	Georgia at Tennessee
SEPTEMBER 21	Syracuse at Michigan State TCU at Georgia Tech Clemson at Wake Forest San Jose at Stanford
SEPTEMBER 28	Purdue at Notre Dame Florida at Florida State Holy Cross at Harvard Colorado at California
OCTOBER 5	Washington at Oregon State
OCTOBER 12	Penn State at UCLA Mississippi at Georgia Wyoming at Bingham Young Montana at Idaho
OCTOBER 19	Alabama at Tennessee Northwestern at Ohio State North Texas State at Tulsa Utah at Wyoming
OCTOBER 26	Notre Dame at Michigan State
NOVEMBER 2	Dartmouth at Yale Indiana at Wisconsin Texas Tech at Rice Clemson at North Carolina State
NOVEMBER 9	Purdue at Minnesota
NOVEMBER 16	A key Big Ten, Big Eight, Southwest and a Pacific Eight Conference game will be selected for regional coverage on this date.
NOVEMBER 23	Alabama at Miami (Night) Nebraska at Oklahoma USC UCLA (Night)
NOVEMBER 28	Texas A&M at Texas
NOVEMBER 30	Army at Navy (Philadelphia)
DECEMBER 7	Syracuse at Penn State

**ABC TELEVISION NETWORK**   
Consult local listings for game, time and channel number

# SHOPWALK

Watching the *Ford*s go by is even more fun if you know how fast they're going

One of the true inside joys of watching auto racing comes from knowing just how fast the cars are whooping around out there, an inside joy because this information is unavailable to most outsiders (racetracks always seem to have public-address systems that nobody can understand over the roar of the engines).

Regular stopwatches are fine for timing most kinds of races but good ones are expensive and, further, a stopwatch won't do much good at an auto race unless you carry a lap-conversion card to calculate miles per hour from elapsed seconds. This tends to keep you fully occupied and does not leave a hand free to hold a can of beer.

One bright solution for race fans seems to be the prototype Racer I wristwatch being introduced by Racing Professionals Merchandising (which abbreviates to RPM, and you cannot get any racier than that), a new organization that sells promotional packages to advertisers. The watch idea actually started out as a sort of premium gimmick to tie in with the organization's other merchandising campaigns, but it stirred such attention that it now may take off on a campaign all its own.

Racer I has all the elements of a great toy for grown-ups. It is a fat little creature, with a luminous dial for night racing and a snap-on outer ring, called a bezel, which is calibrated to the length of the track. Numbers run from 60 to 300. When a race car roars past you put down that can of beer for just a moment and adjust the No. 60 on the outer ring to match the sweep-second hand on the watch. That's it. Next time the car comes by a glance at the second hand and the bezel will tell instantly how fast the car is going.

The Racer I promotion is being handled by RPM's David Bentley, a racing enthusiast with a suitably automotive name. Bentley is working with official organizations, such as USAC, NASCAR, SCCA and FIA, to calibrate every major track in the world. Thus when going off to the races one just snaps on his Indy outer ring or his Le Mans bezel or whatever. The watch was designed to sell to the company's clients at \$11, and the public can get it for the same price.

More diversified models are in the works, with such embellishments as stainless-steel cases and calendars, but the greatest charm of Racer I is that it is inexpensive. Response has been so lively that RPM will retail the watch itself, perhaps adding a portfolio of racing prints suitable for framing. Inquiries should be addressed to Bentley at the RPM division of D. L. Blair, 25 East 26th Street, New York, N.Y. 10010.

—Dick Denney

TRIMLEE

UPTIGHTLEE

NEATLEE

WIPLEE

# GROOVLEE

LEE LEENS'

In a wide choice of styles, fabrics and colors, starting at \$5.

# The Protectors.

## Every family needs one.



Maybe you have a small family. Or a large family. A new family or an old established one. Families are different—but they all have one thing in common: the need to be protected against the hazards of serious financial setbacks.

That's where The Protectors come in. They

have what it takes — insurance that's right for today and ready for tomorrow. Living Insurance from Equitable.

To help you get the right plan, The Protectors have a wealth of resources: their own fine training and know-how, the help of sophisticated



computers and skilled consultants. Plus the experience of a company that protects over 13,000,000 Americans.

No matter where you live, there's always a Protector nearby. Equitable agents are in all 50 states. Always ready to serve you.

THE  **EQUITABLE**

© The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, New York, N. Y. 1968

Get a new look at Sears.  
1000000



## Presenting the Kings Road Collection. It's not for Commoners.

There's one (at least) in every crowd, right?

The one who knows if a hi-rise turtleneck can be worn out and still be in. Or if a repp tie can be teamed up with a tattersall-checked shirt.

And if he's worth his wardrobe, he knows a guy doesn't have to buy a lot of clothes to look like he's bought a lot of clothes. Not if he knows how to mix and match colors and patterns and fabrics. Happily, that's not a problem anymore, even if you don't know.

Because we do. In The-Men's-Store.

And you'll know it the minute you see our uncommon selection of sporty sweaters, turtlenecks, shirts, ties, socks and hats.

Long live the Kings Road Collection.

From our Kings Road Collection:  
v-neck pullovers under \$14.50;  
matching crew socks under \$1.50;  
button-down Oxford cloth shirts under \$7;  
striped full-turtlenecks under \$8.

Trim and tapered slacks under \$8;  
jeans under \$6; from The-Men's-Store.  
In Perma-Prest® blend of  
50% Portrel/50% cotton.  
Charge them all on Sears  
Revolving Charge.

There's a new look at



Sears

*TheMen'sStore*

The store within a store at Sears, Roebuck and Co.



# SCORECARD

## BLACKBALL

Arthur Ashe says it is no great personal tragedy to him that "if I were to ask for a membership, even if I had the money and probably the social standing—which is very subjective—I couldn't join seven-eighths of the clubs where I play." The clubs, after all, "bend over backwards to be nice to me." And they don't stop him from winning on their courts.

Although Ashe seems to be taking an unmitigated view of racial attitudes in his sport, there has been some progress, thanks to pressure brought by him and others. Last April the USLTA—in an unpublishable move—voted, in effect, to take away the accreditation of tournaments that bar Negroes. A player's performance in such a tournament is not considered in the national rankings.

Still, it is shocking that there are tennis tournaments in this country in which Arthur Ashe cannot compete because of his color. And it is shocking that there are many prestigious clubs in the country to which the U.S. men's amateur tennis champion could not belong, if he were so inclined.

Perhaps most dismaying of all are those clubs around Washington (Chevy Chase Club, Columbia Country Club and Washington Golf and Country Club) that recently resigned from a tennis league because Mrs. Carl Rowan, wife of the former State Department official, U.S. ambassador and U.S. Information Agency head, was playing in it. She is a Negro.

These country-club follies, though insulting, are not really hard on Arthur Ashe or Mrs. Rowan—but they reflect a racism that wears upon the spirit of us all. And they prove that, as an old country (not country-club) philosopher once said, "You can get a red neck other ways than by plowing a field."

## GOOD CARRY, THOUGH

There are bad lies, and there are bad lies, and then there is hitting into a helicopter

One morning recently Frank Buranyi, traffic reporter of Milwaukee's WTMJ radio, was cruising in the station's Safetycopter—150 feet over the North-South Freeway, past the Lincoln Park Golf Course—with the copper doors open because of the heat, when he heard a thud.

He looked down and saw a golf ball on the floor. William E. Kaap, a high-handicap golfer who was playing the Lincoln course, had skied his shot off the fth tee. Without even looking around for a handy green, Buranyi kicked the ball out of the helicopter. It came down a couple of miles from the golf course. Kaap elected not to play it.

## STAR TREK

Before he signed with the Los Angeles Lakers, Wilt Chamberlain was offered a spectacular deal with the Los Angeles Stars of the American Basketball Association. The Stars were prepared to pay Wilt a salary of \$250,000 a season for five years. The other teams in the ABA were going to chip in to provide Wilt with the use of another \$500,000 for five years for investment purposes, and with a deferred payment of \$500,000 that would be paid in installments beginning 15 years from now. In agreeing to pitch in to help its L.A. entry, the other ABA teams obviously subscribed to a common cause. Or as Shakespeare said: "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings."

With Wilt gone across town to Inglewood to join Elgin Baylor and Jerry West, the Stars are now in an even more vulnerable position. Namely, they don't have any stars. It is apparently no more than circumstantial, but Bill Russell, who has not signed his 1968-1969 contract with the Celtics, has been in Hollywood all summer. He is an old teammate and business partner of Bill Sharman, the coach of the Stars, and recently Russell went out of his way to praise Sharman, coach and man, in a radio interview. Sharman, however, maintains that he

has not so much as even said hello to Russell all summer long.

If that is so, and since all other NBA drawing cards are already under contract for this season, the Stars must be planning just to hang on, weather the Chamberlain-Baylor-West barrage this year and then use some or all of the money Wilt wouldn't take to try to lure Lew Alcindor into the ABA next year.

## CLEAN LIVING

At the South Willow Campground in Utah's Wasatch National Forest, a forest ranger emptying a recreation-fee container found two dollar bills and a note: "Attached find one dollar for use of this camp. The other dollar is one I owe in Yellowstone National Park. My conscience has been bothering me."

## ELECTRONIC COACHING

The other day Louis Martin swallowed two radio transmitters, suffered 47 electrodes trailing bundles of wire to be injected into his skin and picked up 1,000 pounds.

Thus does science come to the aid of



the weight lifter, Martin (who hoisted the half ton altogether in a press, a snatch and a clean and jerk) is a middle-heavyweight lifter who will represent Britain in the Olympics, and researchers at Loughborough University in Leicestershire are helping him train.

The idea is to get an electronic profile of a good lift—to discover the patterns in which a weight lifter's muscles should operate. Then researchers can tell a man making a poor lift the reason why.

continued

# The good old United



**The Standard U.S.** This is where you grew up. As Life sees it, there'll be 48,500,000 Life readers here by January 10. Working together, we can give you as much—or as little—of this United States as your marketing needs require. Working together, we can help you use any combination of Life's spot, state and regional markets to your best advantage.



**The Second U.S.** Half of Life's national circulation at about half the price: 24,300,000 readers as of January 10. It's like walking down a street of Life subscribers and going into every second house. Both halves are demographically matched.



**The Regional U.S.** Here Life breaks away 26 regional markets patterned along major distributional lines. As your marketing needs expand, so can your advertising program.



**The Spot U.S.** Lets you develop marketing strategy in 26 different areas patterned after A/B/C marketing area definitions.



**The Roll-Out U.S.** Life's weekly frequency and 102 market breakouts can be combined to roll out a new product in strategic stages until national distribution is achieved.



**The Fast Closing U.S.** You can fold back time with Life's 7-day fast close and 7-day crash color. These Life innovations let you wait until a week before publication—and still be national in just 7 days. Or you can use Life's 7-day fast close spot in New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, San Francisco, Detroit and Washington, D.C.

# States. We'll alter to suit.



**The Stately U.S.** Consists of 50 moving parts. Because there's a different advertising edition of *Life* for every state in the union. If your market areas break along state lines, let's talk about it.



**The Spectacular U.S.** Create excitement with gatefolds, accordion folds, dutch doors, venetian doors, booklets, coupons. We can tell you about possibilities you've never dreamed of.



**The Test U.S.** Comprised of 54 custom-made test markets from coast to coast. Use it for trying out new ideas.



**The Weekly U.S.** Because *Life* comes out every 7 days, you don't have to wait for next month's issue when you have something important to say.



**The Convertible U.S.** Thanks to a new optical process, *Life* can convert your Digest page-size plate into a *Life*-size, quarter-page bleed press plate. This can save you money.



**The Piggyback U.S.** On a *Life* half page you can "piggy-back" ads for two small budget brands and still have impact. Try it.

*Life*. Consider the alternative.

# Charge!



Charge right inn. With your American Express, Shell, Conoco, Citgo or Sohio credit card. Any of Master Hosts' 300 line motor hotels coast to coast will lower the draw-bridge for you and your noble iron steed any time of the day or night.

So why horse around? Charge into the finest sleeping accommodations, dining, recreation and group meeting facilities on the continent. And say, "Cherge!" with your American Express, Shell, Conoco, Citgo or Sohio credit card. It's a gas.

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## SCORECARD *continued*

The transmitters in Martin's stomach registered internal pressures. The electrodes in his skin were connected to pens that recorded his muscle movements.

"We want to find out what makes sportsmen tick," said Vaughan Thomas, project coordinator, as Martin strained and radiated data, "and then to make them tick better, faster, higher."

As Thomas' statement implies, it would seem that these procedures could be invaluable to athletes in many sports. Baseball players with hitches in their swings, for instance.

Perhaps the apparatus could even be programmed so that instead of going "beep . . . beep" and making marks with a pen, it would spit tobacco and say, "Yer dippen' yer levator scapulae."

## DRAWING FRIENDS

Before the Winter Olympics at Grenoble tens of thousands of French children participated in a national drawing competition, and the best works of art were used to decorate the rooms of athletes and journalists who came to the Games. A Ukrainian newspaper was so delighted with his drawing that he took it home and had it published on the front page of a Kiev newspaper. The drawing consisted of the five familiar Olympic circles. In four of them the young artist had sketched typical Russian scenes and in the fifth circle she had written her name and address. Sonia Verdan, Mions, France.

After the drawing appeared in the Soviet press, Sonia began receiving mail from all over Russia—letters, photographs, drawings, postcards, chocolates, dolls, lace, chinaware and linen. Only a few of the 800 letters are in French, and many are in Ukrainian, which even Sonia's Russian grandfather, who lives in Mions, cannot read. "I am hoping some student at the University of Lyons will be able to translate them for me in the fall," Sonia says.

She may have to look for a Polish translator as well. The picture apparently has been reprinted in Poland. Last month letters started arriving from Warsaw.

## TOURING HIGHLIGHT

The big thing in Cook's Tours this year and next is a trip up Mount Everest. Nepal, which controls most of the approach routes to the mountain, has not allowed foreign expeditions to climb its Himalayan peaks for the past three years,

but last week the country announced mountaineers were welcome once again at Everest. The fees to be paid by climbing parties are steep and will provide a significant amount of money for the Nepali exchequer.

Although Cook's itinerary for the Mount Everest climb (it will take place in November and will cost \$1,850 round trip from Los Angeles) does not include a stop at the top of the 29,002-foot peak, the tourists will be taken three miles up the mountain to the Everest base camp. The tour company says even little old ladies in tennis shoes can get that far without difficulty. The climb will be mostly along mountain tracks and although some shingle slopes will have to be traversed, there will not be any actual rock climbing. Members need only bring clothes, foot gear and a knapsack. Baggage should be limited (please note, Little Old Lady), but porters can be hired to carry movie cameras and scientific equipment. The high point of the trip will be some lavish meals cooked by Sherpa cooks at the base camp. After that, it's back down to earth.

## BOOY THE KICK?

In interleague exhibition games this summer AFL and NFL teams have had to score the extra point after a touchdown by running or passing rather than kicking. The experiment has added a significant measure of excitement. Teams miss the point four out of 10 times, and Kansas City's Hank Stram believes if the run or pass was mandatory in regular-season games, coaches would work out defenses that would probably mean a still greater percentage of failures. In the NFL last season kickers missed the extra point in only 19 of 606 tries.

Reactions to the experiment are widely varied. "I think it's a lousy idea," says Coach Norb Hecker of Atlanta. "I am in favor of abolishing the entire extra-point procedure. But at least the kick gives the weaker team about the same percentage of success as the stronger team." Tom Fears of New Orleans, whose team was beaten by Houston when the Oilers ran in an extra point with less than a minute left, agrees. "The rule would give someone like the Packers an extra advantage," he says. "The more powerful the team, the better chance it has of making two yards."

Understandably, Houston General

*continued*

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Old Taylor than a lot of  
anything else.”**

Manager Don Klosterman sees the run-or-pass situation differently. "When we beat the Saints the crowd cheered the final touchdown much less lustily than the game-winning extra point, which would have been a yawn had it been kicked instead of run in. The fans seem to be all for it."

Don Shula of the Colts thinks the experimental rule makes the field goal too important. "Two field goals can equal a touchdown 50% of the time, and that doesn't seem right to me," he says. And Sid Gillman of San Diego criticizes it because he believes the offensive unit needs a rest, and the run or pass increases the risk of injury.

One of the most interesting, if personal, viewpoints is that of San Diego Quarterback John Hadl. He objects to the possibility of calling a splendid game, yet having people go away saying "that stupid quarterback" because of one crucial extra-point play. "Either take this rule out or pay us more money," he concludes.

#### SECRET OF SUCCESS?

Horseplayers who have been losing money might give prayerful consideration to a letter from a rabbi that was published recently in *The Blood-Horse*, a racing journal. Rabbi Tzvi H. Porath of Chevy Chase, Md. tells of the discovery of a fragment of *Sefer Haraia* (*The Book of Secrets*), which was written in the second century and lost after the eighth century. The author of the book wrote a special prayer for horses competing in chariot races, which reads: "I entreat you, the angels who run between the stars, that you give strength and force to the horses in this race and to their driver that makes them run, that they shall not be tired and they shall not stumble and they shall run easily, and no beast shall defeat them, and no charm nor magic shall work against them."

One questions the prayer's efficacy, though. If it had been any good, it seems unlikely it would have been lost.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Kim Hammond, former Florida State passing star, now with the Miami Dolphins: "The ball is shaped the same but the players aren't."
- Jerry Kramer, Green Bay guard, when asked about his former coach, Vince Lombardi: "He doesn't have ulcers, but he's a carrier."

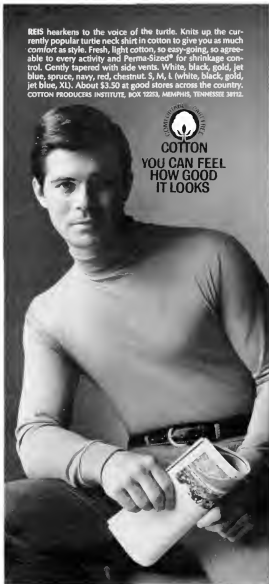
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# THE TEEN ANGEL WINS

*The new idol of anti-Establishment golfers (not to mention girls) is 19-year-old Bruce Fleisher, a cool Floridian in fringed trousers, who last week captured the National Amateur Championship* **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

Take him off the motorcycle and the surfboard or take the beer out of his hand and the girls off his back and Bruce Fleisher will go out and hit the golf ball a ton—250, 265, 280 yards, way out there, anywhere. He will hit it off gravel roads to save a par or out of gaping sand to make a birdie, or he will even hit it off the fairways and finesse it on the greens to win the U.S. Amateur Championship.

That is just what golf's new Golden Guy, 19-year-old Bruce Fleisher of Miami, did last week at Scioto Country Club in Columbus, Ohio. He did it with his shirt flapping out at the waist, his frayed wool tattersall pants low on the hips and the coeds gathered all around him. And he did it with his Robert Wagner face grinning at all the skirts, his Steve McQueen saunter rating up the

ground, and his movie-star style just knocking everybody stone dead. Swagger and sway, Bruce Fleisher did, and damn those old fossils of The Establishment, anyway. Teen Angel is back, sex appeal has returned to amateur golf.

Fleisher shot 73-70-71-70—284, four over par, at beautiful Scioto last week, and only a brilliant 65 by Vinnie Giles on the final day prevented him from spread-eagling the field and sending America's best amateurs covering to the clubhouse in embarrassment. Giles's 65, which brought him to within one stroke of Fleisher (and to a second straight second place finish in the Amateur) was ironically a clarion call for maturity. Vinnie, at 25, was the oldest of the top seven finishers. Among the mystery kids way up there were John Bohmann, 21, of Texas Lutheran, and Hubert Green, 21,

of Florida State, who finished third and fourth, and two Texas collegians, Bob Barbarossa and Rik Massengale. But it was the 6'3" sandy-haired Fleisher, who came from the deepest pit of obscurity—the National Junior College Championship—to stardom at the Amateur.

Apart from his beautiful swing and controlled hand action which had purists in the crowd marveling at his every move, Bruce came on with a certain flash seldom seen around the USGA tents. "Broad's, great broad's are all over the place. Broad's about drove me crazy," he said after one round. "I'm from Miami-Dade Junior College. I'm retarded," he said after another.

Bruce wore white tape on his left wrist ("for the fans") and those fringed-bottom pants to all the press meetings, where he would sing into the micro-



phone a little and then talk about his attire. "They're Miami style. They're my style," he said with a laugh.

Bruce Fleisher laughed a lot last week, mostly right out there on the course while he was taking a share of the halfway lead, then holding the third-round lead alone and finally winning the whole ball game. He was not exactly underconfident about it, either. "Tough luck," said a friend after a double bogey on the first day. "Stick around, I'll be back," said Bruce Fleisher.

The fact that Fleisher and a few of his closest pursuers were, up until last week, nameless, faceless wonders who had come out of Everytown, USA to find themselves at the peak of amateur golf in this country was not as astounding as it seemed, nor at all difficult to explain.

Many USGA officials agree that it is becoming harder and harder for the most consistent of the "name" players in amateur golf even to qualify for the tournament, much less win it. There were a record 2,086 entries at the 40 qualifying sites three weeks ago, playing for 147 open spots at Scioto. Some locations had an abundance of slots to fill, and some fields were easier than others, but the national average of survivors balanced out to a hard, brutal figure, one out of 14 made it to Columbus.

Though two places were reserved for national champions of the past five years and one place for the British Open champion, only 32 of the 150 men who teed off on Wednesday had returned from the field that started play in the 1967 Amateur at Broadmoor in Colorado. The percentage of turnover at the Amateur has been moving steadily upward for several years, especially since the event was transformed into medal play in 1965, but this year's figure (79%), new faces) is certainly a modern high.

However, some old faces were immediately recognizable. Familiar ones like Campbell, Tutwiler and Gray made it to Scioto, even if others such as Coe, Updegraff and Hyndmann did not.

Hill Hyndmann IV was there, it is

true, succeeding where his more renowned father, Bill III, had failed. Considering the vast concentration of youth at the top of the leader boards all week, it was also noteworthy that only two members of the eight-man All-America college team (Jack Lewis Jr. of Wake Forest and Allen Miller of Georgia) had qualified. Instead, the Amateur was populated by such fascinating figures as a cement-block multimillionaire who owns the Detroit Playhoy Club; a tiny Indian duplicate of Lee Trevino; and a Los Angeles hot dog who is an ex-husband of Jill St. John. And don't forget all those kids with no names.

Until Fleisher's surge to the top, the Scioto focus had been mostly on Mi-

chael Bonallack, the debonair Englishman who is a combination of all the Albert Finney characters ever seen and who won practically every British amateur event there was to win in 1968. American galleries know him, too: Bonallack had played in two previous U.S. Amateurs (in 1964 and 1965), on five Walker Cup teams and in the 1966 Masters, where he missed the cut. He also made an appearance last January, while on a business trip, at the Kaiser Open in Silverado outside San Francisco, where he was the low amateur. But all of this had come before he changed his burly-gurdy swing to a more fluid, one-piece motion. "I was never really much of a golfer before this year," he said at

Continued



After playing the treacherous 14th hole of Scioto, not even Fleisher could muster a smile.

Scioto. "But my wrists aren't rolling anymore, and I can hit it much farther."

Bonallack had previously hit the ball with the floppy wrist action at the top of his backswing that is so common among British players. Sometimes he was so floppy that he struck himself in the back with the club head. This habit prevented him from gaining both accuracy and the distance expected of a man of his proportions (6' 1½", 190 pounds). But during the winter Bonallack had his swing changed at Leslie King's Golf School in London, and the results have proved dramatic. He won his Essex County championship by 19 shots. In June he destroyed Joe Carr in the finals of the British Amateur 7 and 6, and in July he led the British Open after the first round. He also shot a 61 in the morning round of a match for the English Amateur championship, which he then won 12 and 11.

Michael's wife, the former Angela Ward, was a Curtis Cup team member six times and the winner of the English women's title twice, and his sister, Sally Barber, is the present English women's champion. With all that golfing tradition and all that golfing family and a new, nonfloppy swing as well, Michael Bonallack looked like a pretty good bet to win the U.S. Amateur.

When he arrived at Scioto for three practice rounds, Bonallack was greeted warmly and treated as a visiting celebrity, which he was, and housed extravagantly in a British castle, which it was, almost. He stayed with Gerald Galbreath, the nephew of John Galbreath, owner of the Pittsburgh Pirates and Darby Dan Farm, whose home, with its five chimneys and seven bedrooms, resembles a royal English manor and sits just off the third green at Scioto.

In addition to the Galbreaths, Bonallack seemed to have brought along his own vest-pocket gallery. There was Ben Wright of the *Financial Times*, Pat Ward Thomas of *The Guardian* and Rex Bellamy of *The Times* of London, all of whom had come across the ocean to cover Michael. And then there was Ken Platt, an Englishman from nearby Worthington, Ohio, who carried a genuine Union Jack and a towel inscribed, "I'm backing Britain." They had figured on Michael's winning, as had many others who installed him as the favorite, but they had not figured on Scioto.

Universally recognized among the fine

courses in America, Scioto was fully expected to be a demanding test even if left to its own resources. The second hole, a 436-yard uphill par 4 and the 14th, a 235-yard horror show of a par 3, are two of the toughest holes anywhere, but all week long much criticism had been leveled at the USGA for tampering with the course and, because of its passion for par 70 layouts, shortening the eighth hole from 510 to 450 yards, thus creating an impossible par 4.

"This is a great course, but it is difficult enough as it is," said Bill Campbell, who won the last match play Amateur in 1964. "The way they have set it up now, it is a U.S. Open course—a prototype course—and we're all amateurs."

Of all the rounds played during the tournament, only five were under par, a fact that attests to Campbell's concern. The evil 8th was not impossible, but it was terrifying for anyone who, after walking down the fairway to his tee shot, looked up at the scene in front of him. There, not far away, was a wide creek that flowed left into a wider lake that funneled into the island green 180 yards away and then, moat-like, curled completely around it. A yawning trap guarded the right front of the green, and large willows wept along the rear. And then there was that water all around.

If a golfer paused long enough to stop trembling, he might appreciate the beauty of the hole, or at least be able to choose a club to hold the slick surface. But then there were those gray-haired, blazered officials, standing watch on the island like a flock of buzzards, just waiting to tell everyone where his ball went into the water and where he should drop it. And there were all those people gathered along the banks, joking and laughing at all the splashes and watching everybody drop it. And then, sure enough—plunk, plunk, plunk—you went in the water and then you dropped it. Oh, it was a helluva lot of fun, the 8th.

On Wednesday the first threesome to come through the 8th hit two balls in the water and came off the green four over par for the hole. That was just for starters. Subsequently, the USGA men counted 36 more balls in the water that day, and then stopped counting.

Even so, it was the treacherous 14th hole that proved the most dangerous for the early leaders. The 14th demands a booming four-wood to a green that

awaits with huge bunkers to the sides, a steep dropoff into bushes on the right and deep grass under trees to the left.

Bonallack was one under par when he got there and double-bogeyed. Later in the day Fleisher was two under coming to 14, and he, too, took a double bogey. As it turned out, Bonallack came in with a 71, sharing the first-round lead with Miller and Jack Veghte, the 33-year-old Florida State champion who has one of the few remaining flat-top haircuts in major sports.

Veghte had started fast, going four under par for 12 holes. But, after noticing his substantial lead, he "went into complete shock" and blew to five over par in the next six holes and right out of contention the next day.

By that time Bonallack had also faltered and with another double bogey on 14 he had lost his lead. He came in from the second round at 144, only one stroke behind Fleisher and Green, but one that he was never to make up. He shot a 75 the third round and a 77 the final day to finish in a tie for 11th.

Hubert Green, a gangly, curly-haired country boy from Alabama, was on or around the lead many times during the first two days—it was a good week for Huberts—quickly forcing the word to spread that "this kid can play." The local papers, bubbling over, likened his face to everybody from Abraham Lincoln to Huckleberry Finn, and his strange putting style was generally considered entertaining.

Green uses a lady's putter and bends way over, his hands halfway down the shaft and four inches apart, his eyes peering at the ball as if it were a lost contact lens. On his stroke he resembles the janitor sweeping the gymnasium floor. Then he rolls in a 25-footer, and abruptly the guffaws stop. "Give him a cherry pop and he looks like a thermometer," said one spectator, inspecting Green's skeletal frame. But Hubert looked good on the scoreboard.

For two days he had played beside Dale Morey, the 49-year-old veteran from North Carolina, who was one of the sentimental favorites in this 68th amateur championship. Over the past few months Morey has been playing some of the finest golf of his long career, and at Scioto he was trying to fight his way back onto the Walker Cup and Eisenhower Trophy teams—he was left off both during the last selection period.

Morey showed some impressive credentials in the first 36 holes. Helped by a hole in one on the 17th during the first round and a 35-foot putt for a dewee at the same green the next day, Dale stood at 145, two strokes off the pace. But on the last two days he faltered, shooting 76-77 to finish well back.

Though Morey was popular, it was Fleisher and Green who, playing head to head on Friday, brought out the crowds and refused to wilt under all that attention in the third round. As Bonallack, whose swing had broken into many pieces and now resembled the motion of a Ferris wheel, stumbled home with his 75 and Morey with his 76, Fleisher and Green, laughing and joking as they went, staged a battle that somewhat resembled a friendly college Nassau with the loser buying the brew.

Bruce finished the day with a two-stroke lead on Hubert, but meanwhile two other college kids, Lewis and Barbarossa, had moved up among the leaders with third-round 70s. So here they were on the final day, the four of them paired in the last two groups. Green and Lewis, Barbarossa and Fleisher—with "old" Vinnie Giles, six strokes down, playing up there ahead.

Giles got hot quickly with three birds, but there came that hole again—the 8th—and Vinnie was momentarily stopped by a bogey. Behind him, most of the kids were beginning to vanish out of sight, lost in a haze of tension and trouble, but Fleisher, playing with casual abandon, had gone three under par and remained that way. It was not until the 15th that he lost a stroke, three-putting. When he drove into a gully on the next hole just before Giles rolled in a 15-foot birdie putt on 17 to cut the lead to one shot, he was fully capable, everyone thought, of blowing sky high.

But, with the pressure of that blazing round up ahead, cool Bruce just flashed his tape and his teeth a few times, shook his head in amusement and came out of the gully for his par. On 18 he looked all the galleries and the USGA officials and the TV cameras and Chris and Hyron and everybody right in the eye and knocked a three-iron approach 12 feet from the hole, covering the flag all the way. He took his two putts, picked up the ball and threw it back down the fairway. The National Amateur had a new Golden Guy for a champion. Suck around. Bruce Fleisher is here. **END**



British Amateur Champion Mike Bonallack gave it a good try for two rounds, then fell apart.

# THESE MEN FOR SALE

The final weeks of this baseball season are going to add up to something after all: \$31.5 million. Once again baseball is expanding, this time to Montreal, San Diego, Seattle and even back to Kansas City, a town it only recently departed. But who is to play and where? Under expansion plans of both the American and National Leagues, each of the 10 existing teams must submit a list of its basic roster of 40 top major and minor league players to the new members of the league after the conclusion of the World Series. In the first round

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

	BEST YEAR	1968		BEST YEAR	1968
ATLANTA			NEW YORK		
Tito Francona	.363 (1959)	.295	Don Cardwell	.13-10 (1965)	7-12
Bob Johnson	.348 (1967)	.273	Ed Charles	.288 (1962)	.286
Deron Johnson	.287 (1965)	.214	Al Jackson	9-4 (1967)	3-6
Ken Johnson	.16-10 (1965)	5-8	Ed Kranepool	.269 (1967)	.248
Milt Pappas	.16-7 (1964)	10-10	Dick Schne	2-1 (1965)	9-8
CHICAGO			PHILADELPHIA		
Jim Hickman	.257 (1964)	.233	Clay Dabbs	.276 (1962)	.184
Jack Lamabe	7-4 (1963)	3-2	Dick Farrell	10-2 (1957)	3-5
Dick Nen	.260 (1965)	.188	Dick Hall	11-8 (1965)	4-1
Willie Smith	.301 (1964)	.275	Larry Jackson	24-11 (1964)	12-16
Al Spangler	.285 (1962)	.269	Bill White	.324 (1962)	.226
CINCINNATI			PITTSBURGH		
Jerry Arrigo	7-4 (1964)	11-7	Chris Cannizzaro	.311 (1964)	.133
Bob Lee	9-7 (1965)	2-4	Donn Clemenon	.301 (1965)	.253
Billy Mc Cool	6-5 (1964)	3-4	Manny Jimenez	.301 (1962)	.311
Don Parktich	.319 (1965)	.280	Ron Kline	7-1 (1967)	11-3
Chico Ruiz	.255 (1966)	.242	Jose Pagan	.289 (1967)	.196
HOUSTON			ST. LOUIS		
John Bateman	.279 (1966)	.246	Phil Gagliano	.254 (1966)	.227
Ron Brand	.244 (1966)	.143	Larry Jaster	11-5 (1966)	8-11
John Bushardt	13-8 (1965)	4-4	Dick Schofield	.333 (1960)	.227
Mike Cuellar	16-11 (1967)	6-9	Ed Spiezio	.219 (1966)	.159
Denny Lemaster	17-11 (1964)	10-12	Ron Willis	6-5 (1967)	2-2
LOS ANGELES			SAN FRANCISCO		
Hank Aguirre	.16-8 (1962)	1-2	Bob Bolin	14-6 (1965)	7-4
Bob Bailey	.281 (1964)	.230	Ty Cline	.302 (1964)	.215
Ken Boyer	.329 (1961)	.278	Jim Davenport	.297 (1962)	.219
Jim Grant	21-7 (1965)	5-4	Hal Lanier	.274 (1964)	.183
Zoilo Versalles	.273 (1965)	.198	Ray Sadecki	20-11 (1964)	12-14

only 15 of the 48 can be protected against selection. Each player chosen in the American League will cost \$175,000 and each in the National an estimated \$200,000. Once a player is selected on the first round, the existing teams can protect three more players. Ultimately each new franchise will stock itself with 30 players, some old and some blue, some young and some through, and some—unlike those who went in the earlier expansion drafts in 1960 and 1961—remarkably good. They include well-known names not yet eligible for Med-

icals as well as problem performers who have played more towns than 'The Glass Menagerie.' The next talent to come by for the new teams will be catchers, shortstops and centerfielders, and several clubs with a plentiful supply of the best young performers—the Oakland Athletics, Houston Astros, New York Mets and St Louis Cardinals—are expected to be hardest hit. The teams, of course, have tried to keep secret the names of their best-known available players. Too bad. Here they are.—WILLIAM LEGGETT

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

	BEST YEAR	1968		BEST YEAR	1968
<b>BALTIMORE</b>			<b>DETROIT</b>		
Wally Bunker	19-5 (1964)	2-0	Wayne Comer	.333 (1966)	.143
Moe Drabowsky	6-0 (1966)	2-4	Don McMahon	7-2 (1958)	4-1
Andy Etchebarren	.221 (1966)	.243	Ray Oyler	.207 (1967)	.138
Pete Richert	15-12 (1965)	6-2	Joe Sparrna	16-9 (1967)	8-10
Fred Valentine	.276 (1966)	.215	John Wyatt	10-7 (1967)	2-4
<b>BOSTON</b>			<b>MINNESOTA</b>		
Jerry Adair	.284 (1962)	.233	Bob Miller	10-8 (1963)	0-3
Joe Foy	.262 (1966)	.229	Jim Perry	18-10 (1960)	8-6
Elston Howard	.348 (1961)	.241	Frank Quilici	.208 (1965)	.246
Floyd Robinson	.312 (1962)	.235	Rich Rollins	.307 (1963)	.234
Lee Stange	12-5 (1963)	4-5	Al Worthington	11-7 (1958)	3-5
<b>CALIFORNIA</b>			<b>NEW YORK</b>		
George Brunet	13-13 (1966)	13-13	Ruben Amaro	.264 (1964)	.128
Sammy Ellis	22-10 (1965)	9-9	Rocky Colavito	.303 (1958)	.205
Chuck Hinton	.310 (1962)	.194	Juke Gibbs	.258 (1966)	.219
Ed Kirkpatrick	.242 (1964)	.229	Charlie Smith	.266 (1966)	.237
Paul Schaal	.244 (1966)	.210	Fred Talbot	11-11 (1966)	1-9
<b>CHICAGO</b>			<b>OAKLAND</b>		
Cisco Carlos	2-0 (1967)	4-12	Danny Cater	.296 (1964)	.273
Tommy Davis	.346 (1962)	.261	Dick Green	.264 (1964)	.258
Jack Fisher	12-11 (1960)	7-8	Mike Hershberger	.279 (1963)	.250
Ron Hansen	.261 (1964)	.202	Phil Roof	.209 (1966)	.175
Leon Wagner	.317 (1958)	.255	Diego Segui	9-6 (1963)	5-2
<b>CLEVELAND</b>			<b>WASHINGTON</b>		
Larry Brown	.255 (1963)	.229	Bernaie Allen	.269 (1962)	.235
Eddie Fisher	15-7 (1965)	4-2	Frank Bertina	7-6 (1967)	5-12
Jimmie Hall	.285 (1965)	.211	Bob Humphreys	7-3 (1966)	4-5
Lou Johnson	.272 (1966)	.244	Cap Peterson	.248 (1965)	.206
Russ Snyder	.313 (1959)	.240	Ed Stroud	.212 (1967)	.238

# ***Battle of the Surfside Sixes***

PHOTOGRAPH BY SHEEDY & LONG



All summer long, from San Diego north to Santa Barbara, pretty secretaries, schoolteachers, stewardesses, housewives and teeny boppers flock to the beaches to play volleyball. In their bikini uniforms they are as much a part of California seashore life as surfers and bronzed Adonis lifeguards. But they are not merely decorations. For the big two-day tournaments, like this one on a recent weekend at Manhattan Beach, the six-girl teams play to win, and they play well. Spectators lounging in beach chairs (right) watched lovably graceful athletes like Diane Williams (serving at left), and more than once they saw real power volleyball, as when Olympic alternate Beverly Miller (below) leaped and spiked. Enthusiastic girls on such winning teams as the Tyros kicked up sand and gave hip-hip-hoorays for losers, who washed away their frustrations with dips in the Pacific.



# COLLEGE FOOTBALL 1968

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Happiness is the  
belief that your team has a  
chance. You can't buy that axiom  
on a button yet, but if you could a million  
might be worn with good reason this fall by  
the ardent followers of college football. As  
the mid-September kickoff nears, coaches  
everywhere are displaying a most uncoachly atti-  
tude: optimism. "Last year the team was building,"  
goes the refrain, "but this year, baby, we've got it."  
And in New Haven, Lafayette, Columbus, Lawrence,  
Austin, Corvallis and a dozen other Americana towns  
the wondrous notion takes hold: "This year we've  
got it." It is in such a season that the emotional  
impact of football reaches its zenith. How high  
is the appeal? Nothing shows it better than  
the sport's historic rivalries the ones  
portrayed on the following pages—all  
games that have proved hap-  
piness is also beating a  
traditional foe.





USC-UCLA's golden feud reflects 40 years of Los Angeles glitter, but Texas-Oklahoma has the lean, dry taste of Dust Bowl survival.





HOOK  
'EM  
HORNS

TEXAS



GO  
BIG  
RED

OKLAHOMA



Army vs. Navy is brass, plus red, white and blue, while Michigan-Minnesota's Brown Jug fight is a Midwestern pioneer struggle.





# THE JOY OF HAVING A FOE YOU KNOW

BY DAN JENKINS

No one has ever been able to figure out how old the sport of football is, except that it goes back at least 2,000 years, which means that the Chinese may have invented it, and therefore they also may have come up with the first traditional rivalry: the Hoys vs. the Hos for possession of the Old Oaken Egg Roll, or something like that. What we do know is that Princeton and Rutgers played the first American version of the game exactly 99 years ago this November, and that, even then, as people watched from their frost-coated backboards in New Brunswick, N.J., the collegiate sport had something extra that no other athletic endeavor would ever have—something that reaches mysteriously beyond exercise for its own sake, or honorable shin splints.

That first game, of course, was hardly anything to compare with the slick perfection of 1968. It was 25 guys to a side removing their waistcoats and playing Kick the Groin with periodic time-outs to reanilate the pig bladder. Still, it furnished seeds for lasting contributions. Uniforms, for example: Rutgers wore red turbans. Cheers, for another example: Princeton's students gave the first football yell: some vague sort of chant they remembered from a few years earlier when New York's Seventh Regiment marched through town on its way to that great bowl game with the Confederacy. More important, however, Princeton and Rutgers initiated the custom of competing for more than the score.

The stake was a cannon. The Old Oaken Cannon? Well, no. It was just a Revolutionary War cannon that the two schools had been fighting over for a long time. The football game, they decided, would be a better way to determine who got it annually. After a few years Princeton got smart and cemented the relic in a bed of concrete, and thus must have been the first football prank. But a point had been made. Football had tradition the moment it began.

Now skip a century. Leap over a pile of Walter Camps and Knute Rocknes—all of those men who have given sweep and technique to the game—and we come to a sport so colorfully aged by tradition and sustained by rivalries that a mere 30 million ticket buyers live and die with it every year regardless of who's No. 1, who's undefeated, who's All-

America, or which Notre Dame player is winning another Heisman Trophy.

College football has become a geographical, historical and social event, and sometimes all three. Every fan has somebody he especially likes to see beaten. The week of their game Oshkosh feels about St. Norbert the way Army feels about Navy. Beneath the breast of every Michigan tuba player, it was once said, lies a hatred for Minnesota. Turn a UCLA man around three times and he'll stagger straight to the USC campus with a couple of buckets of blue and gold paint. Give a Texas oilman two drinks and he'll bet you every offshore well he's got (and some he hasn't got) that the Longhorns will whip Oklahoma.

Tradition and rivalry are words that belong almost exclusively to the vernacular of college football—right in there with Grange, Gapp, pursuit, three-deep, Harmon, Bear, Darrell, Roverback, O.J. and all that kind of thing. Old as the two words are, they are irreplaceable for it is what they suggest that specifically separates the college game from that of the pros. Sophisticates, with their double drag-outs and their post-and-gos, may not like it, but college football is Michigan playing Minnesota for the Little Brown Jug, a street brawl in downtown Dallas the night before the Texas-Oklahoma game, a thousand white Annapolis caps wheeling into the air above Philadelphia's John F. Kennedy Stadium and that annual Wall Street Block Party and Raccoon Coat Parade known as the Yale-Harvard game.

There are many types of rivalries, all of which help any college season keep its hip pads up. There are intrastate rivalries, border rivalries, crosstown rivalries and interservice rivalries. These can be classed as natural rivalries. The most common, and perhaps by now the most overrated, are the intrastate rivalries. Any football-minded boy of 7 can name the most noteworthy of them: Alabama-Auburn, Georgia-Georgia Tech, Purdue-Indiana, Tennessee-Vanderbilt, Michigan-Michigan State, Texas-Texas A&M, LSU-Tulane and so on; games which made popular that wonderful old notion, "Boy, hidy, you can throw out the record book when . . ."

In most cases today you can throw out the whole rivalry, because it has

*continued*

Of all football's manifold traditions, none can outrank The Harvards vs. The Yales in The Game

been replaced by something better. Major enemies have spread in college football like probation sentences. Sweet victories and sad upsets on both the conference and national levels tend to refocus the fan's attention.

Consistently good teams of long standing such as Notre Dame, Alabama, USC and Texas discover one day that their important rivals have not only changed but increased. For a time, Notre Dame's big games were with Army and USC. The Irish still have the Trojans, but they have added Michigan State and Purdue. USC also underwent a psychological shift: from Stanford and Cal in the old days to Notre Dame and UCLA today. In the South, Alabama and Tennessee would rather beat each other any day than Auburn and Vanderbilt, who are generally happy to beat anybody. And it has been 30 years since the Texas-Texas Aggie game has been as vital to its followers as the Oklahoma Saturday every October in Dallas, a contest that is college football's equivalent of a prison riot—with coeds. What has most helped these particular rivalries along is a rare season like 1968, in which most of the teams involved are rated among the Top 20 and how they fare against each other has a great deal to do with settling the national championship.

Meanwhile, a couple of fairly familiar schools named Yale and Harvard will play their game—the game, so far as they're concerned—oblivious to anything as banal as the settling of a national championship in this day and time. They did that bit already.

Yale and Harvard compete in a league called the Ivy, the championship of which, they now claim, is important enough. If this is true for them, it is because they had a 50-year head start on almost everybody else. The Crimson and the Bulldogs began playing football back in 1875; they were, one could say, the original traditional rivalry. Until the mid-1920s few teams outside of a small, select group of Eastern schools—Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Penn, mainly—ever impressed Walter Camp enough to gain a rating among his Big Four at the season's end. Walter Camp was the original AP poll.

One reason Yale and Harvard may have quit competing in the big time is that they grew weary of turning out legendary names. Yale, after all, produced Walter Camp himself, "the father of

American football," who gave us the down system, the idea of 11 players to a side and modern scoring. Yale also produced Amos Alonzo Stagg, Pudge Heffelfinger, T. A. D. Jones, Ted Coy, Bill Mallory, Bruce Caldwell, Albie Booth, Larry Kelley and Clint Frank, along with an occasional Archibald MacLeish and John Hersey.

Harvard was just as busy. Coming out of Cambridge were the likes of Charles Daly, Hamilton Fish, Charlie Brickley, Eddie Mahan, Edward Casey, Barry Wood and a guard with the most perfect Ivy League name of all: Endicott Peabody. There were also a few Kennedys along the way. One of them, U.S. Senator Edward, scored Harvard's only touchdown in the 1955 loss to Yale.

Times have changed for the game. Fifty years ago, even 40, even 30, the men who played were considered the noblest examples of manhood. There was nothing bestial about them. They were gentlemen of courage, bravery and daring who lured 70,000 into The Bowl at New Haven. A star was instantly taken into the social elite, and the old grads liked nothing better than to sit around the fires of their private clubs and dredge up memories of the day in 1913 when Charlie Brickley booted five field goals to beat Yale 15-5, or discuss, cut by cut, every scamper of Albie Booth.

Now it seems different. The nostalgic hero for today's students is more apt to be men like Charlie Yeager, the Yale manager of 1952 who slipped into the game, as preplanned, to catch a pass for a conversion against poor Harvard. It is someone like the impulsive young girl in 1960 who dashed into the end zone to embrace Harvard's Charlie Ravenal as he scored his last touchdown in a rout. And it is someone like the Harvard student who attempted to let loose several greased pigs in the Yale Bowl during the 1953 game—and did.

For all of its deterioration as a game of importance to the outside world, there is still a color and an atmosphere to a Yale-Harvard weekend that few other rivalries can match. For example, there are intercollegiate competitions between the two schools on all levels—varsity, junior varsity and freshman. There are also tackle games between all dorms. Thus, more than 700 students participate in football either Friday or Saturday, and there is soccer and touch football going on. It is difficult to walk down a

street in either New Haven or Cambridge without being thrown a pass. And then on Saturday afternoon, between fraternal parties, with class reunions going on in candy-striped tents all over the parking lots, the two varsities get down to the more or less important business of the game . . . oops, the game.

If Yale vs. Harvard can best be described today as an intellectual rivalry, the Texas-Oklahoma game is just the opposite. It is raw, rugged and deadly serious. Fights frequently break out in the stands as well as on the field. It features some of the most aggressive hitting in the sport. At the moment of the kickoff the players are jumping up and down, as if they've swallowed something from the chemistry lab, and waving their arms in the manner of John Wayne leading his troops in a charge out of the trenches. The bands are simultaneously bursting forth with *The Eyes of Texas* and *Boomer Sooner*, and more than 75,000 maniacs, pretty evenly divided, are standing and screaming. This is fairly amazing, for most of them are awfully hung over from the night before when they just turned downtown Dallas into a garage. A couple of years ago a new record total of 352 Texas and OU rowdies were jailed for disturbing the peace in a No Man's Land known as the corner of Commerce and Akard streets, a plot of ground separating the Baker and Adolphus hotels the evening before the big game.

While the Longhorns and Sooners have been playing since 1900 and while the game has been a special attraction of the State Fair since 1915, it is only since the end of World War II that the rivalry has become intense.

What started it, aptly enough, was a near riot during the 1947 game, which Texas won behind Bobby Layne. A referee's decision caused several thousand beverage bottles to be hurled down onto the playing field—and the State Fair has sold beer and soft drinks in paper cups ever since. Then Oklahoma started to win the game too often under Bud Wilkinson, sometimes winning it with prized recruits from Texas. From '48 through 1957, the Sooners won nine of 10 from Texas. This was during Oklahoma's glory days when Wilkinson coached five undefeated teams and won three national championships. It was only after Texas hired Darrell Royal, a former OU star, that things changed. Royal has now won



# STARS OF RIVALRIES PAST...



*Chris Cagle, elusive 160-pound Army halfback, terrorized Navy for Cadets*



*Now the Texas coach, Darrell Royal at skirts end for Oklahoma in 1946*



*Michigan's Tom Harmon still readily recalls awful day he slipped and fell*



*Jackie Robinson carries the ball for UCLA during elusive 1939 USC game that ended in a 0-0 tie*



*Minnesota Coach Bernie Bierman with 1936 Co-captain Julius Alphonse*



*UCLA's Bob Waterfield, in a typical pose of the times, beat USC in 1942*



*Yale never came up with a bigger man than this little one, Althe Booth.*



*Army's ace, Blanchard (35) and Darv (catching pass), in '46 Navy game*

## ...AND THOSE OF TODAY



*Driving Ron Johnson is the Michigan runner in years.*



*Top Army ahead this season in Charlie Jarvis, here gaining against Navy.*



*Winback Eddie Huston is the dash and dash at Oklahoma's offense.*



*Oklahoma must stop two Texans: Bill Brubaker (with ball) and Chris Gilbert.*



*UCLA has speedster Greg Jones, scoring above on 12-yard run against USC.*



*With UCLA far behind him and this year ahead, it's all the way with O.J.*



*Yale's Brian Dowling (10) tormented Harvard last year and stars again.*

nine of 11 from Oklahoma. The ironies are obvious, and they add heat to a rivalry that would boil all on its own, thanks to memories of such confrontations as the 1963 game.

A year before Texas had won 9-6 and a gang fight between the two benches had been judged about a tie. Now, Oklahoma was No. 1, just like a few years earlier, but Texas was rated No. 2. The Cotton Bowl was a pandemonium sell-out as always, with the usual number of people having tried to slip in at dawn and hide under benches or, as a drunk successfully did in 1949, shimmy up a light tower, hide and enjoy an aerial view of the game.

Among the '63 spectators was U.S. Senator Clifton P. Anderson from New Mexico, who sat among some OU fans. Early in the game the Senator had to hear a lot about how Bud Wilkinson was going to win another national title this season, which would be his last, and then how easily Bud would win a U.S. Senate seat the following year in Oklahoma. When it was over, Texas had won 28-7, and it was Roy's team that was headed toward a national title. Filing out of the Cotton Bowl, Anderson told his OU friends, "That was the shortest term anyone ever spent in the U.S. Senate."

While it is understandable that Texas and Oklahoma could have become such violent foes, being close neighbors, it is not so easy to understand how another august rivalry evolved: Michigan and Minnesota.

Geography certainly could not have had much to do with it. Ann Arbor is closer to Nashville, Tenn., than it is to Minneapolis. If you want the truth, the Michigan-Minnesota thing for the Little Brown Jug began by accident, although there is probably behind it some seed of the Midwestern ethic, a mutual fondness for wheat fields, silos or duck hunting, perhaps. At any rate, the Little Brown Jug, which is neither little nor brown and never was, has become football's best-known *objet d'art*, because Michigan and Minnesota have played a lot of big games and turned out hordes of good teams.

The jug, which is 2½ feet tall, was originally an old gray plaster crock that Michigan Coach Fielding H. Yost carried around so that his legions could drink fresh Ann Arbor spring water as they went around beating everybody 60-

0. The tradition of Minnesota and Michigan playing for the jug began with one of the most exotic upsets in collegiate football history. It happened in 1903. That year Michigan, with Willie Heston carrying the ball to immortality, arrived in Minneapolis in the midst of a memorable streak. The Wolverines had won 29 straight games, and had scored 1,631 points (56 per game) to a total of 12 for their opponents.

One of football's significant innovations took place that day. Minnesota used a seven-man defensive line for the first time, with the other four players forming an early-day rendition of the umbrella secondary. Prior to this, all defenses had been nine-man lines (there was scarcely any passing), and Willie Heston had always been long gone every time he cracked through the first barrier. Minnesota's defense was designed to give him two walls to get through. He never did. Minnesota clawed its way to a 6-6 tie on old Northrup Field, and the only bigger news in 1903 was when Orville Wright had his thing a few weeks later at Kitty Hawk.

Yost and his team were in such a hurry to leave after the upset that they went off and forgot the crock of water, which led to the immediate joke among Minnesota Swedes: "Jost left his jug." The Gophers kept the jug and said Michigan would have to win it back. They have been fighting over it ever since. If the rivalry has improved with age, so has the jug. It is now painted maroon (for Minnesota) and blue (for Michigan), and the scores of all the games are on it.

The most famous modern contest for the jug came in 1940, a game that was the equivalent of the 1966 Notre Dame-Michigan State epic. Both teams were overstocked with stars. Michigan had Tom Harmon, who was busy breaking some of Red Grange's records. He would win the Heisman Trophy. The Wolverines also had four others who either were or would be All-Americans, one of them the noted blocking back Forest Evaschewski. Michigan was undefeated in five games and went into Minneapolis, together with 15 train cars of fans, as the No. 1 team. But Minnesota was just as undefeated, ranked No. 2 and had its own lineup of All-Americans, including Tailback Bruce Smith, who would be the Heisman winner a year later, and a sophomore back named Bill Doley, who

would lend a footnote to the series by becoming a *Michigan* All-American in 1943 when he wound up there through the fortunes of war and a naval training program.

There was only one thing wrong with what could have been as splendid a game as was ever played. It rained about 400 million Little Brown Jugs full, turning the Minnesota stadium into the world's largest casserole. This hurt Michigan the most, for Harmon, who was fast and fancy, was slowed down to the speed of an arthritic climbing a staircase. He had a miserable afternoon, slipping and sloshing around and missing an extra point that still makes him irritable every time the subject comes up. He did pass for the touchdown that gave Michigan a 6-0 lead, but later on Bruce Smith, on a surprise reverse play, waded 80 yards for a touchdown and Minnesota became the national champion 7-6. Poor Tom, Old 98 he was called, still had a chance to win the game when he drove his team down to Minnesota's goal line in the fourth quarter. There, however, with a hole opened up for him as wide as his home town of Gary, Ind., Harmon slipped in the mud.

"I can still see the hole," says Harmon, a sportscaster now. "It's bigger than a room, but I just can't get there."

The most famous rivalry in all of sport is probably Army-Navy. It is a spectacle with the least provincial appeal of all, having a true national, even worldwide flavor. Battles have been interrupted—well, almost—because generals and admirals wanted to listen to the game around the globe on the Armed Forces Network. In fact, when Army completed an undefeated season in 1944—the first of the Glenn Davis-Doc Blanchard teams—by beating Navy and sewing up No. 1, Army Coach Red Blaik received the following telegram:

THE GREATEST OF ALL ARMY TEAMS:  
WE HAVE STOPPED THE WAR TO CELEBRATE YOUR MAGNIFICENT SUCCESS.

MACARTHUR

The game dates back to 1890. It was originated by a West Point cadet, Dennis Mahon Michie, after whom Army's stadium is named. Cadet Michie organized the game on the parade ground, and 500 people came out to watch half-back-coach-captain-manager-trainer Michie lead his team to a 24-0 loss. On the way to the game the Navy team

*continues*

had come across a goat it named Bill, and after Navy won, Bill was taken home to Annapolis as a mascot. The Midshipmen are now on their 19th Bill.

The series has been discontinued a couple of times because of anger. Very soon after it began, President Grover Cleveland stopped it. It seems that following the game of 1893, a brigadier general and a rear admiral got into such a bitter argument about it that they challenged each other to a duel. There was no Army-Navy game for five years.

The series was begun again only because of some wartime heroics. Four men who had played in the early games, including Dennis Michie, lost their lives in the Spanish-American War. The service academies decided that the men had gained much from their football experiences—they were better men and soldiers—and that the game could be resumed in this spirit.

The immense popularity of Army-Navy—it had the first ticket scalpers—caused it to go on the road. Franklin Field in Philadelphia was the site for many years, and now it has settled in Philadelphia's John F. Kennedy Stadium, where more than 100,000 can see it annually. It is the only college game that has been on national television since the tube first blipped.

The game could not have become an American classic, of course, if the two academies had not continually suited out interesting teams and played some storybook contests. One particular game in 1926, before 110,000 in Chicago's Soldier Field, was considered for years as "the greatest game ever played." It was a 21-21 tie, with Navy's Tom Hamilton co-starring with Army's Chris Cagle.

Upsets have been almost as thick as the gold braids in the stands. Two of the most surprising came close together, and they reflect the kind of respect the institutions hold for each other. Army was undefeated in 1948 and Navy had not won a single game, but the Midshipmen somehow managed a 21-21 tie. Two years later Army was undefeated again, ranked No. 1, and a four-touchdown favorite over a Navy team that had won only two games, but Bob Zastrow passed Navy to a 14-2 victory.

In between those two games, however, Army got its revenge, and in more ways than one. Not only did the Cadets whom Navy 38-0, but they took advantage of some espionage to embarrass

the Midshipmen before all of their admirals. An Army officer on duty at Annapolis had learned of a Navy plan to hoist some banners poking fun at Army's 1949 schedule and to parody *On, Brave Old Army Team*, the West Point fight song. Soon after both student bodies had done their usual pregame march-on, drills and salutes, they took their places across the field from each other and Navy cheerfully sang the parody:

We don't play Notre Dame.  
We don't play Tulane.  
We just play Davidson,  
For that's the fearless Army way.

Then the Midshipmen lofted a huge banner that said: "When Do You Drop Navy?"

Navy was mortified when the Army cheering section immediately unrolled a banner that said: "Today!"

Thinking this had to be coincidence, or incredible bad luck, the Middles quickly tried again with another of their banners. This one said: "Why Not Schedule Vassar?"

And Army countered with a sign that produced one of the biggest laughs. Municipal Stadium ever heard. It read: "We Already Got Navy."

A rivalry that produces nearly as many spectators as Army-Navy every year, maybe even more pranks and surely some of the best football, is that between USC and UCLA. It is unique in one sense: two good teams in the same town. The game was brought to the full attention of the U.S. last year when the two schools battled for the national championship on television, and before 93,000 in the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum.

Since UCLA grew up to USC's stature in the middle 1930s, the rivalry has become a social study. It is USC, the stuffy private school, against UCLA, the booming state institution. The two continuously seem to be able to infiltrate each other's card cheating sections and mess up the messages, to paint campus landmarks such as Tommy Trojan, to sabotage bonfires, kidnap mascots, capture and punish invaders, attempt bomb pranks and generally enjoy a good old-fashioned collegiate hatred.

Since they are located in California's fantasyland, both schools are naturally proud of all the celebrities who have been a part of the series. USC likes to list among its distinguished alumni an ex-tackle named John Wayne, who was

Marion Morrison in school; the late Ward Bond, also a tackle; Producer Aaron Rosenberg, who was an All-American guard; All-American Halfback Cotton Warburton, who won an Oscar last year for film editing; and the noted TV commentator, Frank Gifford. For background music, USC can point out that a fellow named Herb Alpert once marched in the Trojan band.

UCLA, meanwhile, has a list of its own that includes Mike Frankovich, an ex-quarterback who is now the head of Columbia Pictures; Actor Gary Lockwood, who was formerly a tackle named Gary Yurosek; and baseball's famed Jackie Robinson, who was a football hero first and a standout in one of the more memorable USC-UCLA games, the 0-0 tie of 1939.

The teams played eight games in the series before UCLA managed to win. That happened in 1942 when Bob Waterfield led the Bruins to their first Rose Bowl. If UCLA ever had a period when it slightly dominated the game it was during the late Red Sanders' time, 1949 through 1957, when his single-wing teams won six of nine from the Trojans. At that, he lost the big game they played in 1952, when both teams were unbeaten and untied and 97,000 stormed the Coliseum to see USC edge out a 14-12 victory.

Now, with John McKay at USC and Tommy Prothro at UCLA, the rivalry has eased into a perfect dead-even matchup, one which can only keep serving up future thrills. In the three games McKay and Prothro have played as cross-town rivals—and not the best of friends—all have been won in the last few minutes. Prothro, a big, serious man who smokes and drinks Cokes incessantly, won the first two, 20-16 and 14-7. McKay, a quick-witted, outgoing socializer, took last year's, with the help of O. J. Simpson, and took the national championship, too.

National championships, titles, trophies, jugs, mugs and hugs—all of these are things that make up the game's traditional rivalries. It does not really matter if it's USC vs. UCLA or hundreds of St. Olaf's taking on hundreds of Carletons, for what is really on display is the essence of a sport. No wonder the millions who thrive on college football like to think that it wasn't Columbus who discovered America. Princeton and Rutgers did.

What's the new generation coming to?

## Old Grand-Dad.

You can't put anything over on this crowd. And Grand-Dad doesn't even try. It doesn't pretend to be anything but

what it is. A smooth whiskey that's easy to get along with from the start. Exceptionally so. That's why Grand-Dad is

head of the Bourbon family. That's why people are willing to pay a bit more for it. And have for generations.

**Old Grand-Dad: Head of the Bourbon Family.**



Bourbon Straight Bourbon Whiskey  
50 Proof and 100 Proof Bottled in Bond.  
Old Grand-Dad Distillery Company, Portland, Or



# THE PLEASURE OF A YEAR OF PLENTY

Innumerable teams are at their best, last year's stars return in profusion, a rule change promises more thrills and the shadow of a boycott looms as football embarks on a wild season

Every so often a college football season comes along that seems likely to offer a bit too much for all of the poll-takers, headline writers, All-America selectors, Heisman voters and bowl officials, not to forget the millions who pay their way into the stadiums. Such a season is 1968, which can aptly be called the year of plenty. Seldom in the past has so much been expected from so many teams, and it has been years since there has been such a profusion of preseason immortals ready to show that their achievements of last autumn were merely samples of their true talents, which they will now display in full.

The primary reason for the fan enthusiasm is that an abnormal number of teams that were strong in 1967 have an unusual number of regulars returning. College football, like wine, has good years and bad. There are cycles in such things. For instance, last year's crop of seniors was very ordinary. Just ask a pro scout. This year's is extraordinary. Just ask a coach who has to send his boys against such seniors as USC's O. J. Simpson, Purdue's Leroy Keyes, Notre Dame's Terry Hanratty and Texas' Chris Gilbert.

The abundance both of established talent and individual stars on a national scale is overwhelming. For example, such teams as Oklahoma, Penn State, Oregon State, Texas, Purdue, Florida, Ohio State, Indiana, LSU and Texas A&M have seven or eight starters back on offense and just about as many on defense. In some cases whole backfields return, as at USC, where Simpson runs, and Purdue, where Keyes does everything, and at Texas, Oklahoma, Oregon State, Texas A&M and Indiana.

The kings for the season are going to be the running backs. Seven of last year's

10 leading rushers return, each having sprinted, slashed or lurched for more than 1,000 yards, a figure that is a big deal in leaner times. Not only did Simpson and Gilbert gain more than 1,000 in 1967, so did Houston's Paul Gipson, Michigan's Ron Johnson, Clemson's Buddy Gore, East Carolina's Butch Colson and West Texas State's Eugene Morris. Not on the 1,000-yard list, but at least as dangerous, are the brilliant Keyes and such other notable returnees as Florida's Larry Smith, Oregon State's Bill Enyart, Oklahoma's Steve Owens, Army's Charlie Jarvis and Mississippi's Steve Hardman.

A profusion of quarterbacks has returned, too, but with the exception of Notre Dame's Hanratty, they are of a workmanlike type that accomplishes a great deal without catching the headlines. Three of them pass frequently: Purdue's Mike Phipps (*left*), Texas A&M's Edd Hargett and Kansas' Bob Douglass. But others are mostly runners, Oklahoma's Bob Warlick, Texas' Bill Bradley, Colorado's Bob Anderson, Oregon State's Steve Preece and Indiana's Harry Gonso. All, however, are proven performers, which means the efficiency of their team increases, and so does the quality of play.

Just when it has so much talent to show off, college football has come up with a rule change that will result in the spectator seeing more of this talent in action under exciting conditions. The clock will be stopped now after every first down. This means far more than the fact that games obviously will last longer. A team trailing by no more than a touchdown or field goal near the end of a game now will be able to squeeze in several more plays if it can keep a drive going by making first downs. Those long, sustained drives on the ground will not consume as much playing time. Best of all, a team that has used its time-outs and is racing the clock will not have to waste a down throwing an intentional incomplete pass in order to halt the second

hand. It could gamble on a run for a first down, since the clock will stop if the first down is made. In turn, the defense must now guard against the run which increases the chance for a successful pass. The entire last-minute strategy of the game will be affected, primarily in favor of a running team.

Two other rules changes are important, though they may not be noticed. The punt-return rule that was tried last year—interior lincmen could not start covering until the ball was kicked—has been ditched, mainly because it did not make punt returns any more interesting. And the numbering of players finally will be specific. Backs must be numbered between 1 and 49, interior lincmen from 50 to 79 and ends from 80 to 99.

Unfortunately, there could be a period during the season when all will not be fun and excitement. There is a chance that black athletes may continue to feel the unrest that many evidenced last winter and spring when numerous colleges were faced with boycott threats, and there is talk in the Midwest that some expression of sympathy with any Olympic boycott or protest might be taken by Negro football players. What form? It could range from skipping a day's workout to not playing for the Old Dogwood Crock. It could be timed to have the worst possible effect or the least. And it could make a shambles of the national championship fight. One thing is certain: Never have coaches been more aware of the problem, and never have more programs been initiated to solve the black athlete's grievances.

In this year of plenty, what teams will provide their followers with the richest excitement and the most frequent glow of victory? On the following pages are scouting reports on the Top 20, as selected by the editors of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, as well as assessments of the have-lesses and have-nots, a report on the small colleges and some sophomores who will be worth watching.

One man holding the season's fortunes in his hands is Purdue's strong quarterback, Mike Phipps

# 1 PURDUE

A coach can afford to be confident when he holds the Keyes to success

Ordinarily when you mention the term "No. 1" to a coach, he fidgets with his whistle, tugs once at the bill of his cap and tries to direct the conversation toward another team—or other team—that might deserve such an enormous preseason honor. But not Jack Mollenkopf, the moon-faced, talkative postmist from Purdue University. Although he is entering his 13th season there and has been hung in effigy enough times to know a man can strangle on his own hopes, Mollenkopf is willing to face up to the possibility of 1968 football fame: "I'm not sure we have a No. 1 team," he says, "but I don't mind that kind of speculation. If you can't look at a season optimistically with our talent, you can't look at anything optimistically."

Mollenkopf has many reasons for his burst of positive thinking, the foremost of which is a 6' 3", 205-pound aid to euphoria named Leroy. Last spring as Mollenkopf strode the sidelines of a practice field where his team was working out, he could scarcely contain himself over his good fortune: "Look at that Leroy!" he would shout, slapping an elbow into a visitor's ribs and gazing at glee at the field. "Isn't that Leroy something! There's no better player in the country. There's no better flanker. No better runner. No better defensive man. No one's better than Leroy at anything!"

And out there on the field would be Leroy Keyes (*see cover*) doing all of it—bursting off tackle with the ball, feinting a corner back out of his hip pads and turning downfield with the loose and joyous stride that distinguishes his running. An All-America halfback last year in every selection of any consequence, Keyes will be competing with USC's O. J. Simpson this year for the Heisman Trophy and hoping to improve on a season that saw him become the national scoring champion.

If the Boilermakers should make it to the top without blowing a game or a gas-ket, their achievement will be a spectacular bit of football history, for in 72 years of intercollegiate competition Purdue has gained that rank just once, and then it was a much-touted proposition—in 1931, one postseason pollster picked Purdue as co-champion along with Pittsburgh, while five other polls selected USC as the nation's best team. However, Purdue has had some splendid teams

over the years and for this one to rate potentially as the Boilermakers' best ever means something. Yet the best ever is just what it may be, for the Purdue squad has experience, with 28 returning lettermen, sophomore moving up from a superb freshman team, tremendous size, good speed, unusual depth and Leroy.

Keyes is the key. Switched from defensive halfback to a combined flanker-tailback spot last season, he scored 19 touchdowns, ran for 966 yards, caught 45 passes for 758 yards and six TDs, threw three passes for touchdowns and with his 114 points gave the Big Ten its first national scoring leader since Tom Harmon in 1940. Keyes was involved in 204 of Purdue's 778 offensive plays, and he also played defense during particularly trying moments. It was his interception in the final minutes of the Notre Dame game that insured a 28-21 Purdue victory last fall. This year, in addition to his other chores, Keyes will kick off, attempt long field goals and try for extra points.

Keyes is Mr. Cool about his past and Mr. Confidence about his immediate future. "I think I'll be even better this year," he says. "I know I'll put out a little harder. If I do well, I could get a good pro contract." The pro draft prospect will push Keyes to his limits.

Though it may be easy to lose sight of, there is more to the Purdue offense than Keyes. Quarterback Mike Phipps and Fullback Perry Williams, both of whom led power to last year's Purdue attack, which scored 291 points, return. Phipps, a tall, strong (6' 3", 205 pounds) junior, completed 118 of 243 passes for 1,800 yards and 11 touchdowns and wound up third in the U.S. with a total offense mark of 2,020 yards.

"Phipps has the strongest arm of any quarterback we ever had," says Mollenkopf. Williams, both quick and big (6' 2" and 217 pounds), has averaged four yards a carry in the last two years. He will be backed up by a sophomore, John Bullock, who is a product of George Washington Carver High School in Newport News, Va., the school that loosed Keyes on the nation. Bullock had a reputation there as being better on offense than Leroy, but part of his Purdue reputation has included being 20 pounds overweight.

On offense the only spot where Purdue seems weaker than last year is at split end. Neither Bob Dillingham nor Greg Penner is up to the brilliance of departed Jim Berne. This could prove important, for it will mean that Keyes will face far more double coverage on his pass patterns than last year. To solve this, Mollenkopf will have Keyes run more, but some of last year's blocking is gone. To compensate at the tackle, 250-pound Clanton King has been moved over from defense and Paul DeNuccio, a big sopho-



more, will be a starter. They are stronger but probably slower than last year's line-men, and Keyes may not get loose on wide sweeps as easily as he did.

Purdue's offense catches the fancy of the fans, but scouts and coaches have their eyes on the Boilermaker defense. There have been losses, but consider the replacements, such as three huge sophomore tackles. One of them, Alex Davis, who goes 6' 5" and 265 pounds, will start, backed up by Ron Marce, 6' 6" and 272, and Donnie Green, 6' 8" and 270. The other tackle is Bill Yancher, who weighs 240. The ends—Dennis Wargowski, who switched from offense, and Bill McKay—are 218 and 222. The defensive leader is 225-pound Middle Guard Chuck Kyle, a fast, combative type. There are two seasoned linebackers, Bob Yunaska and Dick Marvel, while Don Webster and Tim Foley return to the secondary to team up with sophomore Steve deGrandmison and Larry Erlich.

It may be that the national championship will be settled on September 28 when Purdue plays at Notre Dame, but Mollenkopf has his eyes elsewhere. "Sure," he says, "the Notre Dame game is going to be a very emotional one. We'd like very much to win it. But the fact is—and people may get upset about this—I'd trade a Notre Dame victory anytime for a Big Ten win. We want the conference championship, and we are shooting for the Rose Bowl. I think more of that game than I do of any national championship. A poll is an opinion. The Rose Bowl is where the action is." This year, because of USC, all the action there might be in the Rose Bowl.





As a pair of celebrated California All-Americans, USC's O.J. Simpson and UCLA's Gary Beban were fêted often, and frequently together, at various formal winter-season football feasts. Naturally, they had some time to chat with each other, and what did they talk about? Ah, well, All-Americans are human after all. As happens so often in modern man's self-conscious search for acceptance, each spoke about what he liked remembering most. "I just talked to him about The Big Game," says Simpson, "and he just talked to me about The Big Trophy." The Big Game was USC's 21-20 win over UCLA last year in which O.J. broke loose on a 64-yard touchdown run that sewed it up for the Trojans. And The Big Trophy was the 1967 Heisman Trophy, which Beban won at the season's end over O.J. himself.

Well, Beban is a high-priced Washington Redskins now and he plays for The Big Dollar. But O.J. Simpson, the most spectacular running back in the college game, is still living in a world of football that offers its immediate rewards in Big Games and Big Trophies. And, as things stand, O.J. could once again have a chief rival in both categories—Keyes of Purdue.

Their Heisman competition is an obvious duel, for if both escape injury and are one-half as effective as they are expected to be, no one in college football will match their performances or their headlines. The Big Game thing is slightly less certain. USC and Purdue are not scheduled to play each other this year, but there is always that post-season affair in Pasadena on New Year's Day. USC has been there three times in the

last six years as Pacific Eight champion and, barring a surprise or two, such as losing to rugged Oregon State or still-tough UCLA, O.J. & Co. should be in the Rose Bowl business again. And if Purdue and Leroy aren't there, it only will be because the Heisman-makers suffered an unexpected attack of Ohio State, or some such thing.

USC Coach John McKay, who is no mean psychologist, is predicting quite flatly that "Purdue will certainly win the national championship." Since USC was No. 1 in '67, one might think McKay was speaking with utter honesty from profound authority. Or one might think that he does not want to dwell on the prospects of his own team winning consecutive national titles.

It is surprising that this particular USC team has a chance to be No. 1 again, for its personnel losses have been severe. Gone are End Tim Rensovich and Linebacker Adrian Young, both All-Americans, along with five other starters from the defense. Gone from the offense are Tackles Ron Vary, another All-American, and Mike Taylor, along with that splendid split end, Earl McCulloch, and Guard Mike Scarpace. To fully appreciate the extent of the departed talent, one need only be aware that five USC seniors were first-round draft choices by the pros last winter.

Still, McKay is not depressed. As usual, he has some splendid junior-college transfers, a few huge sophomore linemen and a fair number of more than adequate rookie backs and receivers. But mostly McKay has O.J. Simpson once again, and with him lies most of USC's hope.

It is hope well placed. Simpson has defied all efforts to stop him. In 10 games last season he earned the ball 291 times for 1,543 yards and scored 13 touchdowns. Increasingly as the year went on, opponents realized that if they could stop Simpson they could stop USC, but except perhaps for the day in the mud at Oregon State, nobody could stack a defense well enough to hold off the 260-pound 9.3 sprinter who has like a fullback "You think you have him contained," said Indiana's John Pont after his team's 14-3 Rose Bowl loss to USC, "and suddenly you realize he's piled up 128 yards and you're standing there losing the game."

USC does have more than O.J. Simpson, quite a bit more, and much of it can be measured in speed. Flanker Jim Lawrence, who has just recovered from a knee operation, is a 9.6 man, and his backup, sophomore Mike Morgan, does the 100 in 9.9. Dan Scott, a 210-pound fullback who rushed for 349 yards last year, can move his bulk at a 4.7-second rate over 40 yards, and sophomore Sam Dickerson, a split end who evokes recollections of McCulloch, is a 9.7 sprinter.

The only backfield problem McKay has

## USC 2

O.J. still leads the way, but too much muscle has gone to the pros

is at quarterback, where he must choose between senior Steve Sogge, who was last year's top quarterback, and Mike Holmgren, a 6' 4" junior who has suddenly displayed much promise. Sogge is a stocky, unspectacular type. As one Pacific Eight coach put it, "He's too short, too slow and can't run. All he does is beat hell out of you." In his unnoted way, when he wasn't making his half-millionth handoff to Simpson, Sogge was completing 75 of 131 passes for 1,032 yards and seven touchdowns. But Holmgren could beat Sogge out this year. Although Holmgren, a 220-pounder, has always been able to throw 60-yard strikes, he has been considered too clumsy to handle McKay's roll-out offense. Last spring, however, he began to move like a man with two feet instead of three, and McKay, with visions of 60-yard strikes to complement Simpson's blasts, took note.

The offensive line has size, mobility and reasonable experience. Both tackles are new, but Sid Smith goes 256 pounds and Marv Montgomery is 245. Guard Steve Lehner, 230, and Center Dick Allmon, 225, were '67 first-stringers. At tight end is Bob Klein, 6' 5" and 238 pounds, whom McKay considers one of the best in the West.

The defense looked wobbly in the spring, largely because Tackle Willard Scott and End Jim Gurn were convalescing from knee surgery. However, if they are sound, the front five will be hard to fault, with Scott moved to middle guard, JC transfer Gary McArthur and Tony Terry at the tackles and Bill Hayhoe, 6' 8", 238 pounds, at left end. Linebacker Adrian Young cannot be replaced, but McKay feels Jim Snow has All-American potential. There is only one returnee in the secondary, senior Mike Battle, who will play halfback this year along with Tyrone Hudson, a JC transfer. Sandy Durko, a nonstarting letterman in '67, will be the safety except in punting situations when Battle, the country's No. 1 punt returner, will be deep.

With a schedule that includes Minnesota, Miami, Oregon State, UCLA and Notre Dame, a slightly weaker USC and a hopefully stronger O.J. cannot let down. But if preseason form fits real-season performance, when O.J. and Leroy meet on next winter's banquet circuit, they will be talking about The Big Game and The Big Trophy.

CONTINUED



Super Bill may play super yet with a new attack that is really old

All fall ago there were bumper stickers all over the state of Texas proclaiming that 1987 was THE YEAR OF THE HORNS. That meant that it would be the season for the University of Texas Longhorns to reclaim the glory of days past, to get off of the 6-4 records that Coach Darrell Royal's teams had been suffering for a couple of years, to get back to winning the Southwest Conference championship again and, even more importantly, to get back to challenging for No. 1. Indeed, with the talent returning—Chris Gilbert, Bill Bradley and others—it looked as if there might be a 9-1 or even a bowl-game 10-1 on the immediate horizon.

But then the Longhorns played their opener against USC. The Trojans unveiled O. J. Simpson, and a 17-13 loss sent Royal's team reeling toward still another 6-4 season. Two days after that game Darrell's wife Edith was driving through Austin and the almost wrecked her car at the sight of a new bumper sticker. It said: WOULD YOU BELIEVE '88?

Well, a lot of Texas boosters would. Royal not only has Chris Gilbert, who has gained more than 2,000 yards in two years, and Bill Bradley returning once again, he has his finest crop of sophomores ever, a schedule that lets him play most of his toughest opponents at home and not face USC at all, thank you, and something else that the Longhorns have not been forced to dredge up since Royal's beginning years in Austin: a hunger for success.

The schedule is not easy, despite the absence of the Trojans, for the Southwest is a strong conference in 1988. But Texas is fortunate in catching three good teams in front of its own fervent fans—Houston in the opener, Arkansas on October 19 and Texas A&M on Thanksgiving Day, a game that will be televised nationally. The other test will come on October 12 in the Cotton Bowl

in Dallas against old enemy Oklahoma, a team that lost only to Texas (9-7) last year.

The Oklahoma game was the only one in which Bradley, Gilbert and the other Soons looked like the winners they were supposed to be. That day Royal told his team at half time, "There's a heck of a fight going on out there, and we're not in it yet." Super Bill Bradley was a quarterback living up to his early reputation in those last two quarters, running the keepers and throwing the short passes that drove Texas to a winning touchdown and field goal against a team that was one of the best.

Bradley today is supposed to be the Bradley of that game, and the Bradley everyone in Austin has been waiting for, in this, his senior season. In the spring he looked quick, in better shape, smart, eager and fully recovered from some nagging injuries. This summer he kept in shape by working at a boys' camp instead of relaxing in a cushy Miami job interviewing airline stewardesses, as he did in the summer of '87. However, some of his critics say that Bradley will never carry the Longhorns through, because his hands are small, that he will always throw a key interception or fumble at the most inopportune time. Eight close games have been lost for Texas with Bradley at the controls over the last two seasons, but Royal insists this has not all been Bill's fault. "We had six years of good luck and it just caught up with us. You can't go your whole career winning those 10-7 games," Royal says.

One of the best reasons why Bradley may finally come through is all of the help he will have. Texas has more quality players than any other team in the area—and more than all but a few in the nation. Nine regulars return to the offensive unit and 10 to the defensive team. It will be a squad with experience, size and speed. The main side to

Bradley will again be Gilbert, who carried a lot of the offensive load by himself over the past two seasons when he gained 1,080 and 1,019 yards rushing. He did have some fumble problems last year, but Assistant Coach Mike Campbell thinks Gilbert's daring style of running is the cause, not carelessness. "His problem is momentum," says Campbell. "When he makes a move it's so fast the ball doesn't always get the message." Then, too, there is Fullback Ted Koy, who is a smaller but faster version of his older brother, Ernie, now with the New York Giants, and a tight end named Deryl Comer, who is being called the best all-round player on the squad. Comer, who hails from the same Dallas high school (Hugland Park) that produced Deak Walker and Bobby Layne, is talented enough to have Jones Ramsey, the Longhorn publicity man, say "In four different positions, he'd be the best we have."

There are other Longhorns with established names, too, such as Danny Abbott, a guard, Corby Robertson, the millionaire-to-be linebacker, Lloyd Wamscott, a defensive tackle, and Mike Perrin, a linebacker, all of whom have been picked on preseason all-conference teams. Two promising sophomores, Danny Lester and Fred Steinmark, will add zip to the defensive secondary. Of Steinmark, Royal says, "Somebody described him as running like a knuckleball. And that's true." But none of these are causing as much commotion as a sophomore named Steve Wooster.

Wooster was Texas' most wanted high school star of 1986. He is fast and strong. Already considered the best blocker on the team, he is also a fine runner and a good receiver. Royal has Wooster learning three backfield positions. He will probably start at wingback but also share time with both Gilbert and Koy.

To all of this Texas talent, Royal is adding one other ingredient—the old wing T offense that the Longhorns used to run in their winning days of the early 1960s. He has tried the I formation, but he is understandably—sick of it. "You can't get good enough passing patterns off of it," Royal says. "In our case, we found that we couldn't get much of an attack to the tight side without going at motion."

So, reenter the wing T, the attack Texas had when it relied largely on defense and its distinctive attribute of crisp blocking. "We have good runners, so we're going to let 'em run," Royal says. "And we should have better blocking. It's like those high school dances I used to go to in Hollis, Okla. You'd go up to a girl and ask her to dance, but she'd say, 'No thanks, I'm gonna dance with the one who brings me.' Well, that's what we're going back to on offense. We're going with the one who brings us."

Though slightly overdue, the Year of the Horns may be bringing an after all.

There is an oddly subdued atmosphere in the environs of South Bend this fall. The usual profusion of No. 1 signs has not been in evidence and the normal air of braggadocio among the local citizenry has been replaced by an unaccustomed and rather becoming attitude of modesty. The reason is that South Bend's faith in the superiority of Notre Dame football was shaken to its roots last fall, and no one really has enough enthusiasm left over to start beating drums for an unbeaten year or another national championship. The wounds of 1967—the season that was to have been all Notre Dame's—have not yet healed.

The assumption then, of course, was that the Irish would easily repeat their No. 1 rating of '66. Didn't they have Terry Hanratty, the brilliant young quarterback? Didn't they have Split End Jim Seymour, the golden retriever for nearly everything Hanratty threw? Didn't they have the nation's best lineman, Kevin Hardy, a 280-pound defensive tackle who was nobly nicknamed The Massive Invader? Didn't they have Ara Parseghian, who had a 25-3-2 record for his first three years? And didn't they have that inviolable Notre Dame pride, which is graphically illustrated by such string locker room signs as NOTRE DAME'S FIGHTING SPIRIT WILL NOT BE ENTRUSTED TO THE THUMB AND THE MINK? Of course, they did.

But all hopes of No. 1 were destroyed when Notre Dame lost two of its first four games. During this period Terry Hanratty proved he was hardly superhuman by having 11 passes intercepted. Kevin Hardy hurt his ankle. Seymour dedicated two fingers. And, after USC beat the Irish in South Bend for the first time since 1939, Ara Parseghian spoke in despair: "I never had a team that played so poorly."

Eventually Notre Dame straightened out, coming through with an 8-2 season that would have been adequate had you not started planning postseason No. 1 parties before the first coin was flipped, as they had in South Bend.

This year even Notre Dame's most fanatic followers are not about to get their hopes as high. For one thing, the Irish meet Oklahoma and Purdue on their first two working Saturdays, a one-two punch that could leave the team with a serious case of crushed morale before the season hardly begins. After DU and Purdue, they play four Big Ten teams and finish up against Georgia Tech and USC. For another, there is the crisis of having to replace seven starters on the defensive squad, including Hardy. And, finally, there is—just like last season—no speed in the backfield. Somehow when Notre Dame corralled its huge bank of talent two or three years ago, the fast ones got away.

It is an indication of Notre Dame's

## NOTRE DAME



A bright future is sure to dawn if only somebody can run to daylight

strength that with its schedule and potential difficulties it may fall all the way down in the ratings to—oh—fourth. Hanratty and Seymour are back for their third airborne spectacular. Following his dim beginning last fall, Hanratty seemed to discover what he was doing wrong. After 15 interceptions in five games he did not have another. "It was all my fault," he says. "Really poor judgment. I was throwing poorly, and I wasn't picking up my secondary receivers." Parseghian thinks it might have been more basic than that: "Terry had to learn to eat the ball and not to rely on Seymour to get it for him." If Hanratty remembers what he learned in '67, he will probably go down in history as the best passer Notre Dame has ever had, which would make him a full-fledged legend at the age of 20.

Hanratty's chief target will still be Jim Seymour, who has already broken all Irish records with 85 catches. His fingers are healed and he is ready for brilliant business as usual. But it is hard to catch passes with the entire opposing team and its mascots draped over your shoulders. Parseghian has to find a way to take some of the heat off Hanratty. Seymour by opening up the Irish running game. Halfbacks Bob Gladieux and Ed Zogler and Fullback Jeff Zimmerman are solid runners, but discouragingly slow. Note has the speed or deception to break a game open, and Notre Dame will have to rely—perhaps too much—on Hanratty's arm for most of its crucial plays. That is not necessarily a winning strategy, as Parseghian saw last year against Purdue when Hanratty threw 63 times, completed 29 and still could not produce an Irish victory.

There is a certain statuesque quality, too, about the offensive line. Except for Seymour and Tackle George Kuntz, a friendly 240-pound giant who blocks savagely but is so polite that he has been known to ad-

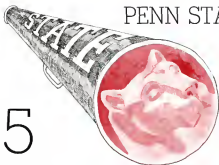
dress teammates as "we," it is not an agile group. But there is size, lots of it. Tight End Jim Winegardner is 225, Tackle Chuck Kennedy 240, Guards Tom McKinley and Larry DiNardo about 230, and Center Tom Monty 220. Since football is not a track meet, the offense is good enough to beat anybody, but probably not everybody.

The defense is a lesser known quantity. "It all depends on how the boys mature," says Parseghian. Three or four sophomores could start. Tony Capers, a 248-pounder who is also being tried on offense, could be somewhere on defense—at end or linebacker—and 260-pound Tackle Pat Mudron is capable of ousting a veteran. Mike McCoy, a 6' 5", 270-pound junior, will play left tackle, and Bob Kucchenberg, 245, left end. Thus, the front four will average a hopelessly unmovable 251 pounds.

It is in those defensive positions that Parseghian likes to call "the skilled areas" that the Irish have a difficult situation. Bob DiLson is the only linebacker returning. The other three, sophomores Jim Wright and Tim Kelly and senior John Lavin, have no experience worth counting. And neither do the men in the secondary. Halfbacks John Gasser and Ernie Jackson, a sophomore, and Safety Tom Quinn. Parseghian is concerned enough about the safety spot to have had Coley D'Brien, Hanratty's understudy star for two years, trying his hand there. D'Brien may well start on defense. Despite its lack of experience, Assistant Coach John Ray is fairly optimistic about the defense. "I think we're going to have a good one," he says. "The kids are young, but they have size and they want to learn."

They better learn fast. Unless they do, the atmosphere around South Bend after those backbreaker-to-backbreaker weekends against Oklahoma and Purdue will not be merely subdued. It will be sepulchral.

CONTINUED



## PENN STATE

The boss is no robot and his teams surprise—for better or for worse

On the winter banquet circuit, Coach Joe Paterno of Penn State averaged three speeches a week and he invariably opened his talks with a deep sigh and the words: "O K, I might as well start with the Gator Bowl thing." Then he would recall the catastrophic moment last December 30 when his Nittany Lions were leading Florida State 17-0 in the third quarter and had the ball, fourth and a yard to go, on their own 15. Paterno ordered the Lions to go for it. They fell just short, Florida State scored twice in the next 69 seconds, got a field goal at the end of the game and came up with a 17-17 tie. "Yes, I admit it was a dumb call," says Paterno, "but I'd do it again tomorrow. Who knows? We might do it the first game of this season. If a coach can't make a decision outside the percentages, the school might as well hire a computer coach. We're going to gamble, and we're going to play exciting football."

It was Paterno's scrambling gambles that made for Penn State's fine 8-2 record last year as well as for one of the most stimulating seat-of-the-pants revivals of the season. When the Lions lost their first game to a so-so Navy team 23-22, Paterno benched most of his senior lettermen, thrust eight cocky sophomores into his starting lineup and redesigned his defense. That did it: the Lions lost just once more, a valiant 17-15 effort against UCLA, and thus came within three points of having an undefeated season. They compiled this streak of successes despite the fact that their No. 1 linebacker, Mike Reid, and their best runner, Bob Campbell, spent most of the season recuperating from surgery. "Who knows?" says Paterno, "if we hadn't lost to Navy, we might have been 2-8."

There is no chance of any 2-8 nonsense this year, but Paterno is still no man to cling to the status quo. Even though he has

14 first-stringers back, including those pesky sophomores and Campbell and Reid, Paterno spent much of his spring-practice time juggling and rejuggling his lineups. The final result is that eight men will be in different positions this fall.

On the offense Paterno's major mission was to find replacements for Quarterback Tom Sherman and Split End Jack Curry, who holds every pass-receiving record at Penn State. Junior Chuck Burkhardt, an all-but-untried understudy to Sherman last season, will probably be Paterno's quarterback. Although Burkhardt does not have a strong arm, he was fairly impressive during spring sessions and completed 40 of 68 passes in his last two scrimmages. Paterno is the first to admit that Burkhardt may be no more than adequate, saying, "He's not going to be any wonder quarterback, but he'll get the job done."

There are two men vying to replace Curry. One is senior Leon Angevine, who was a defensive halfback much of last fall, and the other is sophomore Greg Edmunds, a youngster who is blessed with fast reactions. The interior offensive line has been shaken up, partly to add speed and partly to fill up the holes left by graduation losses. Dave Bradley has moved from guard to tackle to pair with John Kulka, the only man in the interior line playing the same position he did last year. Ovee Rakaczki, an ex-middle guard, and Gary Williams, formerly a tight end, are at the guards, and sophomore Warren Kozel will probably be at center.

Naturally, Paterno is worried about the lack of experience in several positions, but one spot where there should be no problem of any kind is at tight end. That belongs to Ted Kwalick, the 6' 4", 230-pound All-America who can run 40 yards in 4.6 seconds, has hands so big that he cannot find gloves to fit them and is so much a master

of his position that a Dallas Cowboy scout says flatly, "Kwalick could start right now for almost any NFL team there is." Last year Kwalick caught 33 passes for 563 yards and four touchdowns. If Burkhardt can hit him frequently, Kwalick will improve on that record this season.

Except for the quarterback, the Penn State backfield must be rated one of the best in the country, although there is an enormous if. Fullback Don Abbey, who was one of Paterno's sophomores last fall when he led the team in scoring with 88 points, had a winter knee operation, missed all of spring practice and is now in a wait-and-see condition as to whether his knee will hold up. If it does, Abbey's explosive inside punch, his pass-catching talent and his glomlocking ability will present Paterno with tremendous backfield versatility. Halfback Campbell is an old-fashioned triple-threat tailback with speed and open-field elusiveness, and Charlie Pittman, another of last year's whiz kids, is a good outside speedster as well as an able pass receiver.

Of his defense, Paterno says, "We'll have more speed than last year, but it's not a big unit. In fact, it's the smallest I can remember." It isn't small, it's tiny. The front four, Tackles Jim Kates and Steve Smead and Ends Frank Spaziani and Lincoln Lippincott, average no more than 210 pounds, with Kates being the biggest at 225. But they are scrappy, and if they should allow some holes now and then Penn State's linebackers can plug them up. With the exception of sophomore Jack Ham, all are veterans. Mike Reid was back close to top form in the spring, and both Pete Johnson and Denny Onkots, who intercepted six passes in '67, look solid. The secondary, with Paul Johnson and Mike Smith, both ex-running backs, at the corners and Neal Smith at safety, seems to be considerably speedier than last year's. All three, however, will be playing unfamiliar positions.

Although Joe Paterno could never be called a pessimist, he is aware of his team's weaknesses, the major one being the thinness of his reserves. The squad was hard hit by injuries in spring practice. "We have a depth problem everywhere," Paterno says. "With our schedule we must be concerned how we'll hold up over 10 games—and right now, I'm worried." There are few patens in Penn State's future, which includes UCLA, Miami, Army, West Virginia and Syracuse. Yet Paterno is a realist as well as a risker, and when all the doubts and ifs about his team have been discussed, he confides, "We really could be better than last year."

If that's true Joe Paterno may find himself with yet another bowl game decision. Half the fascination of the moment will be watching to see if gambling Joe goes "outside the percentages" again. The percentages are that he will.

Around mid-October, about the time that the leaves are lying gold and brown on the lawn in front of Paul W. Bryant Hall and on the shimmering new AstroTurf surface of the practice field, it will suddenly become apparent that Reconstruction returned, utterly unheralded and almost unnoticed, to Alabama in 1967. Yes, around mid-October when the Crimson Tide is unbeaten and really starting to roll, it will become ominously obvious that the wily old Bear in Tuscaloosa was doing a lot of secret rebuilding last year and that he managed to accomplish it without any damage to his 10-year record at Alabama, which includes an 87-14-7 mark, eight straight bowl appearances, nine consecutive years in the Top 10 and three national championships.

Yes, the Tide was out last year, believe it or not, and Bear Bryant considers the 8-2-1 count for the year to be no more than a mildly mediocre showing. Alabama's winning tradition was in residence, as usual, but instead of symbolizing one of those undeniably good teams that Bryant hatches so often, it concealed a squad that was ordinary. Quite a few teams could have rolled back the Tide last season. Florida State scored 37 points, more than any Bryant opponent ever, but still could only tie. Clemson missed by 13-10 and Auburn by 7-3, but both could have beaten Alabama. And LSU, a 7-6 loser because an extra point went awry, certainly should have tied Alabama and probably should have won going away. So only Tennessee and Texas A&M's Cotton Bowl team managed to defeat Alabama in the Reconstruction era, and now the opportunity probably is gone for the Tide's opponents. As an Alabama assistant coach says, "Anybody who didn't beat us last year had better look out, because nobody is going to beat us this year."

The Tide won't be all that good this season for there is still some rebuilding in the works, but Bryant thinks he has his best young players since 1961, and that is saying a great deal.

As usual many of The Bear's most outstanding athletes are defensive types. Bryant has masterminded nearly all of his best seasons by producing just a little offense to go with a lot of defense. Last year Alabama's defense committed its most grotesque sins relatively early in the season while it was still learning. In the last four regularly scheduled games Tide defenders allowed exactly one touchdown.

There are seven starters back from that '67 unit. The best of them, in Bryant's critical view, is senior Mike Ford, a 6' 1", 195-pound end who specializes in strapping a runner of his interference on sweeps and slams but who is also a spectacular pass rusher. Over the years Alabama consistently has had good linebackers, all in the same mold—small, fast and aggressive. This year's are



# 6

## ALABAMA

The Bear got away with a last one last year, but now he is ready to claw

no exception. The best of them is 200-pound senior Bob Childs. He will be supported by another senior, Mike Hall, 220, and sophomore Mike Hand, 205.

Another sophomore, Sam Gellerstedt, a 5' 8", 195-pounder, will be at middle guard and, if his showing in the final spring game is any indication, he will be more than adequate. Three other veterans, End Billy Scroggins and Tackles Jim Duke and Randy Barron, complete the Alabama front wall.

Still, all is not guaranteed perfection in the Tide's defense, for The Bear himself admits, "A big weakness is our pass coverage. We have to start there. If you don't have a pass defense, you're gonna get outscored." Three of last year's starters in the defensive secondary are gone. Only Rover Wayne Owen is back. He will probably be surrounded by sophomore Buddy Soy and juniors Mike Dean and Donnie Setton. However, if Mike Sasser, an impressive cornerback in 1966, has recovered from a torn knee cartilage that kept him out all of last season, some of the defensive backfield pressure will be eased.

Offensively, Alabama is going to be earth-bound for two good reasons, one sweet, the other sour. 1) The Tide has its best assortment of running backs in quite a while, and 2) there is hardly a passable quarterback anywhere. Bryant spent an anxious spring trying to find just a hint of the Namath-Stabler flair in two sophomores, Bob Hayden and Scott Hunter, but the flair isn't there so he will go with Joe Kelley, a senior who spent the last two years as Kenny Stabler's so-so understudy. Kelley runs the ball well, but his arm is best used for finding off-tacklers.

Tailback Tommy Wade, a 6' 2", 190-pound junior, looked strong in late-season games last year. He had suffered a hairline wrist fracture and was not up to top form

early, but Bryant expects much of him this season. Tailback Eddie Morgan, last year's leading rusher with 188 yards, is back and seems sharper after a good spring. The fullback may well be a sophomore, Phil Chaffin, with junior Pete Jilleba behind him. Also in reserve is a lanky sophomore halfback with good speed, Larty Helm, whose 6' 2", 175-pound frame is not as fragile as the measurements imply. They all add up to a powerful Tide running game. How powerful? After last spring's final practice game, Bryant said, "Our backs weren't as good today as they have been. We had only five or six good runs today. We expect 15 or 16."

In the line Tackles Paul Boschung, 210, a '67 starter, and Danny Ford, 195, who was switched from right end, can be depended upon, but less familiar with their duties are the center, junior Richard Grammer, and the guards, Alvin Samples, a transfer from the defense, and junior Charley Ferguson. Dennis Dixon at tight end and Conrad Fowler at split end are both dependable receivers but, given Bryant's quarterback situation, they could spend their time most profitably by polishing their blocking. The new flanker is an exciting sophomore named George (Lone) Runager. He is talked about as Alabama's next Ray Perkins or Dennis Hoeman, but the horrible suspicion exists that the only way Alabama will be able to get the ball to him is to have somebody carry it.

Because of the nature of the offense and the strength of the defense, this is going to be an Alabama team that won't get national headline attention for its many quarterbacks or its classic receivers. But the chances are that it will be able to give Mississippi the slip in the early going and come into the Tennessee game on October 19 undefeated. And right then the SEC will find out if the Reconstruction era is really over.

# OKLAHOMA



It's revival time in Okie country, where the urge to win is enshrined

For years even those who thought the Cherokee Strip was a burlesque routine and the Six Civilized Nations was a De Gaulle description of the European Common Market knew what a Sooner was. A Sooner was something lean and fast that ran over you on its way to a solar-system record for consecutive victories, leaving painful cleat marks in the process. But eventually the terrier lost its fringes, the Abo Anzies started saying "No" and Oklahoma began losing; six games, five games, a horrendous seven games.

Then, abruptly last year, Oklahoma was O.K. again—more than O.K. The Sooners won nine games, lost only to Texas (by two points) and picked flowery Tennessee's blossoms in the Orange Bowl. This is the season Oklahoma shows its revival was no one-time flit with success.

One reason is that Wonder Worm has turned. What Wonder Worm has turned into is a fine quarterback. Small (6', 174) and filled with flamboyance, Bob (Worm) Warmack taunts opponents with long, lingering multiple fakes. He's slow and his pass flutter, but he led Oklahoma on touchdown drives of 68, 87 and 74 yards in the Orange Bowl and to more than one mile of gains on touchdown marches alone in the regular season. And, as sure as there is oil under the statehouse lawn, Warmack—who now varies his option plays with an occasional drop-back pass—will exceed last year's 3,136 yards passing.

One reason for this is the Sooners' most explosive weapon, Eddie Hinton, who escorted 28 passes 427 yards last year and led the nation in punt returns the season before. The quick Negro wingback, a special-education major who teaches retarded children, likes to tell the story that he developed his speed during visits with relatives in the South by "running through the white

section. Just the sound of your shoes hitting the pavement stimulates you."

With Hinton, Oklahoma has Tailback Steve Owens, a hard runner who is a sophomore and a substitute last year led the Big Eight in rushing with 808 yards and in scoring with 72 points. Tight End Steve Zabel, an excellent receiver (333 yards) and good blocker, looks even better as a junior, too. Another of last year's precocious sophomores, Ken Mendenhall, the guard responsible for the touchdown that beat Missouri 7-0, cannot be hurt by his return to center, where he was Oklahoma Linebacker of the Year in high school.

In effect, the offense has nine of 11 starters back. Chuck Fairbanks will have his samurai operating from the same I formation as before but presumably doing it better. The line will be dependable, and Tackle Byron Bigby something more than that. At fullback, Mike Harper, good as he is, may be beaten out by a much-improved junior, Rick Boldridge.

The defense has seven of its 11 starters back. However, none of them is named Granville Liggins, which means the Sooners may have a slightly less inspired defense.

As Fairbanks says, "The key to our being a good team is our play at middle guard. If we get exceptional play there, our small linebackers can be more effective." In the spring Fairbanks shifted Dick Paaio from defensive tackle into that gaping gap left by Liggins. So far the reviews for Paaio are not exactly rave. "He can play it quite well," says Fairbanks—and that isn't what they used to say about Granville. Indeed, Fairbanks is still hoping that Ken Davis, a junior-college transfer, will somehow transform himself into enough of a Liggins so that Paaio can return to tackle.

Light though Oklahoma's linebackers are—Don Pfumner is 6', 185 and sophomore

Steve Cassel, 6' 3", 202—they are strong and quick enough to compensate for most weaknesses in the line. The rest of the linemen—Tackle John Titworth, End Jim Files and End Randy Meacham—are adequate. In addition, help may come from the monster man, Gary Harper, who could go to a line position if sophomore Gary Chroman shows he can handle Harper's spot.

In the secondary, cool Steve Barrett runs on liquid oxygen instead of adrenalin, as befits a safety. "He stays in the buggy when the boss rears up," says one Oklahoman. A favorite campus tale tells of how Steve sat in the delivery room holding his wife's hand while their baby was born. She had to wake him up to go get something to eat. That, says Fairbanks, is the only mistake Barrett made all last year.

Beyond the specifics, Oklahoma has two general problems that could undermine its national standing. First, the Sooners are rather thin below their top 25, and the law of averages suggests they cannot repeat last year's season in which they suffered almost no injuries. The talent is not as skimpy as Chuck Fairbanks likes to make out, but Oklahoma is no Purdue in depth this year. Second, there is the sudden resurrection of the Big Eight as a powerful, well-balanced conference. For years it had the worst record against outside competition of any major conference in the country, but it is now one of the toughest. Except for Oklahoma State and Kansas State—and both of them are improving—the rest of the Big Eight is almost dead-even. Times have changed since the mid-'50s when the Sooners were helped by brothers against some of the Big Eight's cream puffs while en route to their spectacular victory streak.

As far as Fairbanks is concerned, these factors will merely make it a little harder for him to implement his philosophy of life this year. "Winning," he said recently in his office, as he unwrapped a stick of grape gum with extreme deliberation and then chomped down on it hard, "is what life is about. There is a flatness to his eye and a bite to his tone that discourages any rebuttal. So does a fuzzy football lettered "Big 8 Champions" and an orange-filled trophy captured at the you-know-which bowl last New Year's Day.

Things have been going so well for the Sooners recently that even the luck of mascot Kirke Kickingbird, the Kawa law student who does war dances, is improving. It was about time. Before 1967 Kickingbird, whose great-grandfather signed a controversial treaty with the U.S. that gave most of Oklahoma to the white man, had lacked the Sooners in their worst seasons in years. He once did a rain dance at the Oklahoma pavilion at the World's Fair. It was followed by a six-month drought. The Oklahoma drought is over now.



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Dee Andros is a large juggy man with a round face, cherubic chin and sharp, pointed nose. When he smiles, which is often these days, his eyes crinkle and his face looks even rounder. He was christened Demosthenes Konstantinos Andreopolous by his Greek parents, but he changed his name because "even I couldn't spell it." Under any name, Andros would attract attention, in part because of his penchant for orange—Oregon State orange, of course. Andreopolous (the name has to be tried once for size) leads his team onto the field for a game dressed in an orange sport jacket, orange socks, orange-and-black shoes and an orange-and-black-striped tie. His car is orange, his desk is orange, his bathroom is orange. Naturally, he has been nicknamed The Great Pumpkin.

If Andros is colorful, his football is not. He views the forward pass as an unnecessary adjunct to the game, an attitude that pleases his quarterback, Steve Preece, who last season compiled the worst passing record on the West Coast: 47 completions in 129 attempts, with 12 interceptions. "When we get fancy," says Andros, "we get behind." What he likes is disciplined ball control with the fullback smashing up the middle, halfbacks sweeping wide and the quarterback running the option. Andros rates his linemen more on toughness than skill, reasoning that a hard-hitting player is skillful. He tells his players, "It's no sin to get blocked, but it is a sin to stay blocked. Get yourself off that ground like you're on hot coals. You can't play football on your knees."

Andros' Beavers were on their knees last year after losing to Brigham Young 31-13 in their third game, but they got up in a hurry to surprise second-ranked Purdue 22-14 and then, two weeks later, tied UCLA 16-16 after the unbeaten Bruins had taken Purdue's No. 2 ranking. Following that game, The Great Pumpkin roared, "We're tired of playing No. 2 teams. Bring on No. 1." That was USC, and the next week Oregon State upset the mighty Trojans 3-0 in the mud at Corvallis before 41,194, the largest crowd ever to see an athletic event in the state of Oregon. "That really warmed my heart," recalls Andros, whose Beavers went on to a 7-2-1 record.

Since then the excitement has been growing in Corvallis, a normally placid city of 35,000 (including the 14,000 enrolled at OSU) about 90 miles south of Portland in Benton County, which is so Republican that Alf Landon won there in 1936. Parker Stadium on the picturesque OSU campus has been enlarged from 33,000 to 41,000 seats and, unlike most schools where expansion means more paying fans, the number of seats reserved for students has been increased from 5,500 to 9,000.

What prompts this season's optimism is



The team may still be spellbound and The Great Pumpkin still aqlow

the presence of 36 lettermen, including 14 of 22 starters. Eight of these regulars are offensive players, including the entire backfield that accounted for 2,389 yards to lead the Pacific Eight in rushing in 1967.

There is neither razzle nor dazzle about the Oregon State offense, but sooner or later it tends to get to the end zone. It operates from a T with balanced and unbalanced lines and occasionally an I or a slot formation. This fall some pro offenses will be used just to confuse the opposition.

Quarterback Preece spent a hard spring trying to improve his passing, but he could hardly improve on the split-second timing that makes his work on the option play a thing of beauty. Preece knows exactly when to pitch out and when to keep the ball, and when he does keep it he runs very well. Halfbacks Don Summers and Billy Main handle the sweeps smoothly. In case all else fails and Preece decides to risk a pass or two, he will have a good receiver in Split End Roger Cantlon or sophomore Mike Beber, who might beat out Cantlon.

The big man, quite literally, in the OSU attack is Fullback Bill Eryart—they call him Earthquake—a 230-pound former linebacker who defected into the ranks of line buster. Eryart, a humanities major who has an excellent 3.81 academic average, tremored his way to 851 yards and eight touchdowns in 1967 and lost yardage only once in 201 carries. Andros says, "Everybody knows he is going to get the ball in tough situations, but what they don't know is which side he's going to hit." As befits a mover of men, Eryart is confident. "This is our year," he says. "I smell roses."

The offensive line is experienced, with Center John Olson, a 240-pounder, leading the way. With him are Roger Stalick and Kent Scott at the tackles, Clyde Smith and Rocky Raskley at the guards and Nick Rogers, who

moved over from defensive tackle to play at tight end.

Though it is certain to lose Tackle Jess Lewis to the Olympics—he is a wrestler, as Purdue, UCLA and USC can attest—the Oregon State defense is strong, especially in the middle where Jon Sandstrom and 250-pound, 6' 7" Bill Nelson take up a lot of space at the guards. Sandstrom was an All-America last year, and Nelson is nearly that good. Tackle Ron Boley is the only other returning starter up front, and Andros has had to make some position switches to fill the gaps. Jerry Belcher, a running back, is at end, while Mike Foote, who played end, has been moved to linebacker to team up with holdover Mike Groff.

If there is unrest in Mudville, as opposing coaches have called the Beavers' home ground, it concerns the pass defense. Andros does not like it when the other team throws the ball, either. OSU gave up 158 yards per game to opposition passers last season and it has the same defenders returning: Larry Rich, Charlie Olds and Don Whitney.

Because this team is so experienced, it may be able to avoid a problem that has hampered the Beavers for Andros' three years—a slow start. During this period the team has compiled a 5-9 early-season record and a late-season record of 14-1-1. "We've stayed up a lot of nights trying to figure out why," says Andros. In addition, the Beavers will be confronted with a difficulty that they are not accustomed to. With the Year of the Upside behind them, they won't be able to sneak up on any unwary foes.

"We'd better screw our heads on right, because it's harder to stay on top than get there," says Andros.

Last year OSU was a Cinderella team with a pumpkin for a coach. This year Cinderella is gone, but the pumpkin may still be magic.

Continued

# 9 OHIO STATE



There's no reason to risk a pass when you've got a run at the title

**F**riday night in downtown Columbus was always a gas before an OSU game, but those helium-filled carnivals of school spirit and civic destruction that used to levitate High Street and irritate local merchants have gone the way of the raucous party. Hotelkeepers don't even bother to lock up the lobby furniture anymore, and the talk in Ohio State hangouts like the Thirsty 1 and Crazy Eye is about the backward drift of society rather than the wayward fortune of OSU football. Oh, the kids do get excited now and then. For example, last spring 34 of them were arrested after they invaded an administration building and held an uneasy university vice-president hostage for six hours. Recently a coal set fire to a brand-new 22-story dormitory, and that led to a noisy campus demonstration over sterner fire-prevention measures. And, to the delight of OSU's armory population, a young professor rose up his draft card before his class one day in April.

The spirit of emotion and stimulation has, unfortunately, not spread to football. One reason could be that, because of the school's mighty building boom, Woody Hayes has had to move his practices from an easily accessible mid-campus point to Siberian isolation in a far-off corner of university prop-

erty. Another could be that the Buckeyes have not won a Big Ten championship since 1961. Nevertheless, OSUans do have a Pavlovian tendency to file into OSU's \$1,000-seat stadium every Saturday, and this year, although almost everyone seems woefully unaware of it, Woody Hayes just might be about to please these habitual crowds with his best team in a decade.

There are 13 starters returning from last year's team, one that had a disappointing 6-3 record but which finished by winning five of its last six. Hayes also has an unusually strong group of sophomores coming up, and as many as 10 of them could be first-stringers this season. Whether there is a Big Ten title abloom among all that talent, young and old, will probably come starkly clear early in the season, on October 12, to be exact, when the Buckeyes play Purdue. Hayes is still smoldering over the 41-6 pasting his team took from the Boilermakers in 1967, the worst day in his 18 years at OSU. "Never," he says, "have I had a team beaten so thoroughly or so badly." If, by some combination of pluck and luck, the Buckeyes defeat Purdue, they would have fairly easy sailing toward a Big Ten title because they do not play either Indiana or Minnesota, two of the conference's best.

Although a stout defense is still Hayes's idea of a perfect football foundation, he has a good offensive superstructure, including a surfeit of backfield men. If he wished, Hayes could platoon two full backfields and still have enough runners left over to handle broken-field rescue missions for besieged school administrators.

First, the veterans. Quarterback Bill Long was a starter for two years, and despite Woody's aversion to the forward pass he completed plenty of them. Dave Brungard, a '67 regular as a sophomore, can play both halfback positions, and there are two seasoned fullbacks, Jim Otis and Paul Huff. Along with returning halfback Ray Gillan, these veterans totaled 1,900 OSU yards last fall.

Nevertheless, all of them are in danger of being replaced by sophomores. The most important of the newcomers is Rex Kern, a red-haired quarterback of modest size (6'1, 185 pounds) who has probably won Long's starting job. Kern is no more than an adequate passer and is not terribly fast, but he runs OSU's option roll-outs with enormous verve and authority and once he is in an open field he moves with a deception that is far more effective than raw speed. He is intelligent enough so that Hayes may even let him call his own plays now and then, and he has a knack for inspiring his teammates. "There is never any doubt in Rex's mind that he can do anything," says one assistant OSU coach, "and that attitude seems to carry over to the rest of the team." Woody Hayes himself is willing to

pay full tribute to young Kern. "He is," says Woody, "the best quarterback prospect we've had since Tom Matte."

After Kern, the rest of the rookie backfield can be described in the usual press-release superlatives. Flashiest and fastest: Halfback Leophas Hayden, 205, who does the 100 in 9.7. Steadiest and strongest: John Brockington, 215, who can play either fullback or halfback and is odds-on to start at one of those positions. Most versatile: Larry Zelma, who can play at either halfback, has the hands and moves to be a fine flanker and also punts and placekicks. So deep and diversified is OSU's backfield that Hayes, long an advocate of the bathroom approach, says, "We'll do more things than we've ever done." Even more pausing? "I'd be an idiot to try that with the bucks we've got," growls Hayes. "But, by God, we're going to run at people."

The offensive line should fulfill the demands made on it. Tackles Dave Foley and Rufus Mayes, each 6' 5" and 250 pounds, rank with the best in the Big Ten. Mayes has performed at right end for the past two seasons but tackle is his natural position. There is talk among OSU coaches that he might make All-America in his first varsity year at that spot. The tight end will be sophomore Dick Kuhn and the split end will be Jim White, a rookie who was the high school harding champion of Pennsylvania. Two '67 starters, Guard Alan Jack, 220 pounds, and Center John Mulholland, only 195, will hold the middle of the line, along with either Dave Cheney, a sophomore, or Tom Backhus, a '67 reserve.

And the defense! Woody is a man who has spent most of his career specializing in splendid defensive units, and like Bear Bryant he is formidably optimistic this season as he observes: "These are the best boys we've ever had." Four starters will be sophomores, including Jack Tatum, a 215-pound high school All-America fullback from Passaic, N.J. who enjoys his new cornerback position: Deep Backs Tim Anderson and Mike Semsbaugh, and Middle Guard Jim Sullivan, who beat out regular Vic Steffenberger. The rest of the defense returns from last year's first string. Dave Whitfield and Nick Roman will be the ends, Brad Nielsen and Paul Schmudlin the tackles, Dirk Worden and Mark Sier the linebackers, and Ted Provost, who intercepted seven passes last year, will be at one of the halfback posts.

The best measure of his team is that Woody Hayes is not even pretending it won't be hard to beat. "You're darn right, we're a Big Ten contender, and a strong one," he says. Along about midseason Columbus hotels may start locking up the lobby furniture again. The problems of society as seen through the Crazy Eye might have to wait until winter.

CONTINUED



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The hilarious Aggies offer raucous doings in the land of nothing to do

You know what you do, don't you, when a Texas Aggie throws a hand grenade? Sure. You pull out the pin and throw it back. This is the kind of thing that circulates around Texas—Aggie jokes, as opposed to Polish jokes in Chicago, Italian jokes in New York and Samoan jokes in Honolulu. Of course, the Aggies don't think they are any funnier than the Poles, the Italians and the Samoans do, but because A&M is a military-oriented school stuck off in a part of the state that nobody likes to drive through and because there is not much for Aggies to do in College Station except try to remember what girls look like, they are foredoomed to hear a lot of jokes about themselves.

Last year, with a joke of a football team that even the Aggies had a hard time believing, A&M almost made Texans stop laughing when it won the Southwest Conference championship and then upset Alabama in the Cotton Bowl. Virtually that same team is back for Coach Gene Stallings this season, and it is so talented that it might not have to rely on the wild plays that somehow carried it through 1967.

A&M is the kind of place best described by an Aggie, so listen now to a young man named Billy Hobbs, who started out unhappy in College Station and became an All-America linebacker last season: "There is just nothing to do, and my first year I didn't think I would be able to stand it. But it slowly gets to you. Here's what happens. We lost our first four games, and we had been picked high. So we're big flops. But the night before the Texas Tech game, when we're 0 and 4, the students hold a pep rally in the pouring rain. They kept it up for an hour. An hour in the rain for a losing team! You respond to that. You find a love, a special feeling, for the place."

Hobbs's love, and that of several other

Aggies, was helped along the following day when Quarterback Ed Hargett ran 15 yards for a touchdown on the last play of the game to get A&M its first victory.

Once the Aggies discovered they could make the big play, they kept it up. Hobbs intercepted a pass and ran 100 yards for a score against TCU. Hargett threw an 80-yard pass to Flanker Bob Long to whip Texas. And before anyone knew it, A&M had won its first championship (with a 6-4 record, of all things) in 10 years, or since young Stallings himself was a player for his old tutor, Bear Bryant.

All the wonder makers are back. They include Hobbs and Hargett, whom Arkansas' Frank Broyles calls "one of the two best quarterbacks in the nation, along with Terry Hanratty." This may seem like high praise for a quarterback who is slightly under six feet and sometimes hobbles around on a bad knee. But he has proved that he has more than a strong, accurate arm. Cool, ever cool, he is a fine thinker, surprising runner and a young leader who has the rare good sense to keep losing off the credit on others. "The defense will win for us this year," he says. "They'll keep giving us the ball at midfield." Indeed, Hargett has drawn raves from almost every coach who has seen him. Says Bo Hagan of Rice: "He made the big play for them all year. The great impromptu play. Time after time he would go back on third-and-long and we would have him boxed in and yet he'd make the play. He beat us."

Also back from '67 are Halfback Larry Stegent, Tackle Rolf Krueger and Bob Long—a fascinating athlete who is an All-SWC baseball centerfielder, plays par golf and caught eight scoring passes for the football team last season—and Safety Tommy Maxwell. In all, seven offensive starters and 10 defensive regulars return. In short, it is a

loaded team, but one with something else that many teams don't have—confidence.

Texas' Darrell Royal was talking about this aspect of the Aggies recently. "They're like we used to be," he said. "You make those big plays and you start winning, and so you get to thinking you're good, whether you really are or not. You know you're gonna win a football game even when you're behind. They did it last year, and now they have a lot of folks back and nobody is going to beat them easily."

Stallings agrees that he has a few players of extraordinary quality, but he worries about what will happen if any of them gets hurt. There is no depth at A&M, he claims. There is only one Hargett, one Long, one Hobbs, one Stegent, and so on, as he lists the players who were mainly responsible for his shocking 20-16 upset over Alabama on New Year's Day, giving A&M a victory streak of seven in a row.

"We can be an improved team," says Stallings. "And if we're not, I'll be disappointed. If we're a great team, it will be because the quarterback has a great year and doesn't throw many interceptions."

Hargett shouldn't do that (he had seven passes intercepted last year), largely because he will have Long, Stegent and, at times, Tommy Maxwell, out there catching. Maxwell, an All-Southwest safety, occasionally comes in to add his speed and hands to the offense at split end. "I have him on defense because I happen to need a safety worse than I need a receiver," says Stallings. Hargett prefers throwing to Long. "He doesn't run patterns," says the quarterback. "I just look for an open spot and throw because that's where he'll be."

On defense it is not so easy to tell where Billy Hobbs is. He is everywhere, literally, fighting off teammates like 240-pound Rolf Krueger to make tackles. Hobbs not only covers sideline to sideline against running plays, he intercepts passes, seven of them last season when the Aggies stole opposition throws 27 times.

A&M will have the most proved defense in the Southwest as well as the surest offense if everyone stays well, and Stallings knows he will need both when he looks at a schedule that includes not only Texas but LSU and Florida State, all away from home.

Success seems to come in spurts at A&M. Back in 1939 John Kimbrough started the Aggies on a three-year stretch in which they won 29 games and lost only three. After a drought of 14 years, John David Crow arrived and led A&M to three years of prosperity. Now, 11 years after that, the Aggies are winning again. It is like the big sign in Gene Stallings' office says: MAKE SOMETHING HAPPEN.

A&M already has. If the Aggies keep it up another year, the only Aggie making jokes will be the Aggies.

CONTINUE



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Solid is the word for Nebraska. Solid God-fearing farmers. Solid Republican politics. Solid spine-jarring football. Solid red is the color scheme of the University's Memorial Stadium on Model T Street in Lincoln and solid silos are what its 64,000 seats are this fall. That's Nebraska, and, of course, blocky, amiable Bob Devaney, his consistent coaching record and his no-nonsense approach to football are as solidly appropriate there as putting the silo next to the barn.

With a 51-9-0 record, five bowl games and four Big Eight championships in his six years at Nebraska, Devaney has achieved just what his neighbors like most—sound, down-to-earth success that can be measured without a lot of fancy rationalizations. As a coach, Devaney is dependable and responsible and not given to flighty ups and downs: he has never won fewer than six games at Nebraska and he has never lost an assistant coach. As a tactician, he honors the wirt of conservatism that has served so long as both the mast and the muscle of Cornhusker teams.

Devaney still operates the kind of team that puts all of its backs through blocking drills first, and only after stressing those skills turns to the more exciting matters of running and passing. When Bob Devaney talks about offense, one could not for a moment mistake him for a student of the flea-blinker school.

"We haven't had a lot of speed in our backfield, but our backs have been sound football players," he says. "They block well and run tough. We tend not to have star backs. All of our All-Americans, except one second-string choice, have been linemen. That's because our offense is such that no one back carries the ball much." So the emphasis at Nebraska is on the usually joyless jobs in the line. As Assistant Coach Carl Selmer says, "It's hard to encourage a kid to play in the offensive line sometimes. It takes a certain thick-skinned, determined, unflashy kind. But here we try to give linemen a bigger share of the glory."

This plowman's philosophy of football does not unduly deliver championships. Last season's 50-50 6-4 record and second division Big Eight finish added up to the worst season Devaney has ever had. One reason was that Nebraska's towering young quarterback, Frank Patrick, who stretches a relatively meager 210 pounds over 6'7", developed a tendency to throw the ball to the other team. This happened no less than 13 times. Another source of woe was a backfield that was fumble-prone. Nebraska played drop-the-pigskin 46 times in 1967. Nevertheless, the Cornhuskers were a typically strong Devaney team and their defense was No. 1 in the nation, allowing only 158 yards a game.

This year Nebraska has 27 lettermen re-

turning, nine of them defensive starters and another nine first-stringers from the offense. Last year Devaney tinkered a bit with an I formation, which he plans to use again this season, along with a sampling of pro sets.

The development of Patrick will be the major factor in determining the success of the offense this fall, and the issue is still in doubt. A predestal student from Derry, Pa. and a young man of much charm and poise, Patrick is delighted with the ways of Nebraska. "People here are so different from the East," he says. "They're always happy to talk to you. Back home you can't even ask directions without buying gas."

Friendly though they may be to him, Nebraskans will be even kinder if Patrick cures his interception habit and learns some duck-and-dodge tactics to elude onrushing linemen instead of trying to stoically survive like a tall statue besieged by pigeons. He has never been effective on run-option plays and still is not a threat in that situation. But he is a fine passer when not lobbing the ball off-balance. Last season he completed 116 of 233 for an impressive 1,449-yard total, much of it despite the fact he was throwing in what Devaney calls "desperation situations," meaning third down with more than four yards to go.

The rest of the backfield should be good. Halfback Joe Orduna, who was renowned as Omaha Central High School's best back since Gale Sayers, gained 457 yards rushing last year, and his long kicking strides when he hits an open field are a replica of Sayers' style. But Orduna led the Cornhuskers in fumbles last season, and even though he usually lost the ball only because he struggled so fiercely to break tackles, it is a flaw that must be corrected. At fullback is Dick Davis, a senior who is a strong punter, an able blocker and a punishing runner. He does the 100 in 10 flat and was All-Big Eight last year, but he unfortunately seemed overweight and somewhat listless in spring practice. If Davis does not revise this fall, Devaney will have to go with either of two sophomores, Phil Vassar or Dan Schreiss. Neither seems quite ready yet, but Schreiss has been tagged as having good potential. At flanker is Larry Frost, a junior, and at split end is either Tom Penney, a '67 starter, or Guy Ingles, a midget by Nebraska standards. Ingles is listed on the program at 5' 10" and 140 pounds, but he makes it a habit never to weigh himself before strangers, and knowing Nebraskans recall that he scarcely scaled 145 in high school. Although he is neither particularly fast nor rugged, he manages to sneak into the open frequently and he can catch anything that gets down to his level. The rest of the offensive linemen are thoroughly experienced and their blocking during spring practice was unusually impressive.

What about that No. 1 defense of 1967?



Once more the only question is, will slow and steady win the race?

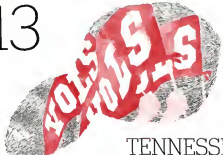
Well, it is not without some holes in 1968, most notably the enormous gap left in the middle by two-time All-American Wayne Meylan. Devaney is convinced that he has at least an adequate replacement in either Tom Lintzroth, 227 pounds, or Bill Hornbacher, 203, but neither is a Meylan. The tackles, too, will leave something to be desired, at least in the early games. At the ends will be Mike Wynn, 6'5" and 223, and Mike Avolio, 6'2" and 216, both of whom were starters most of last season. Nebraska's linebacking should be strong. Ken Gaddes, a graduate of Boys Town, starred as a sophomore when he seemed to cover the whole field and got in on 69 tackles. And both Adrian Fiala and Dan Kobza are better than average.

The Cornhuskers' 1967 secondary gave up a scant 901 yards passing, and three of those four starters are back, namely, Cornerbacks Jim Hawkins and Al Larson and Safety Dana Stephenson. The newcomer is Randy Reeves, a junior who played some last season, too.

One final addition to the Nebraska squad could be especially important to a team that will depend a lot on defense and sweat to get through many low-scoring games. It is a placekicker, sophomore Paul Rogers, who booted two in the spring game from 37 and 49 yards out.

The Cornhuskers of 1968 are going to be strong but rather colorless, rugged but rather predictable, effective but conservative. All of which is just the kind of football that brings Nebraskans roaring to their feet.

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## TENNESSEE

When visitors come to Knoxville they will find a grass-roots problem

Oh, deep deep is the despair that man can harbor for man. What else can explain the lack of gratitude displayed by Georgia athletic officials at the recent news that Tennessee was going to extreme pains and expense to have ready for its nationally televised season opener against Georgia next week a flawless field of synthetic grass called Tartan Turf? A \$200,000 product of the 3M Company, the notgrass will neither rap nor groove nor give way to dandelions. Of course, it has to be played on with special soccer-type shoes and it does take a little more getting used to than the normal combination of Bermuda, bent, eye and crab that football players are accustomed to digging out of their cleats and teeth. In addition, Georgia knows all about phony grass because it went marching off to Houston just a year ago and got into a season-spiling upset on some stuff called AstroTurf. But could Georgia seriously think that the Vols would go to all this trouble just to have a little advantage over the Bulldogs, as well as other people like Alabama and UCLA, who are also going to be visiting Neyland Stadium in Knoxville this season? Yes, indeed.

"This Tartan Turf may or may not be a grand product," huffs Georgia Athletic Director Joel Eaves. "I just don't like the idea of our players being used as guinea pigs in such an important game. Tennessee has a good football team and it doesn't need any extra advantages."

One of the advantages that Tennessee has gotten from springing its Tartan Turf on the surprised SEC is a psychological edge. To this it can add the 55,000 fans who sit in the Knoxville stands and scream, "Go, Vols, go," a team that is one of the conference's best and a young coach, Doug Dickey, who has caused his peers an undue share of discomfort. Put it all together and

Tennessee is trouble—not as much as a year ago, but trouble.

Dickey is the man with the flat-top haircut who came out of Arkansas at the age of 31 and in four years made it clear that he was among the top young coaches anywhere. In the last three years he has won 25 of 33 games at Tennessee and taken his team to a different bowl every season. Last season was his best. His squad pushed UCLA and Gary Behan to the brink of the Pacific before losing 20-16, then came back to defeat nine teams in a row (including Alabama), wind up No. 2 in the nation and go to the Orange Bowl.

Gone from that squad are: Quarterback Dewey Warren, who broke all of Tennessee's passing records; Tailback Charlie Fulton, who could play quarterback, too; Bob Johnson, the All-America center; and Richmond Flowers, the hardling wingback who decided to spend this year chasing an Olympic gold medal instead of a forward pass. When you lose people like that, complaints fretful Doug Dickey, you've got to play a lot of defense. But Tennessee always plays a lot of defense—and that is the reason the Vols will be formidable again.

Since Dickey came to Tennessee, his teams have given up an average of only 10 points per game. They have done this by what is known in football parlance as making the other team hurt. To a heman, the phrase may imply something improper—like maiming or fouling—but the football fraternity uses it as a term of approval. You wake up on Tuesday morning following a game against an Alabama, an Oklahoma or a Tennessee and the bruises still hurt, because these are teams that hit every man hard on every play—they leave you hurting. Dickey's system for building a defense is to find two or three quick, brutal linemen and proceed from there. In the past those outstand-

ing linemen have been Frank Emanuel, Paul Nasmoff and the late Tom Fisher. This year they are Jack Reynolds and Steve Kner. Reynolds is steady, consistent and never out of position. Kner is more daring, sometimes getting himself where he shouldn't be but often getting in the other team's backfield and catching the quarterback for a big loss as he did five times on key plays against Alabama last year. Kner was the SEC's Sophomore of the Year. Tennessee's monster man is going to be either Jim Mondelli, a 187-pound mini-monster, or the more celebrated Nick Showalter. Safety Bill Young, one of the best in the conference, returns after missing out 1967 with a shoulder injury. Experienced Jimmy Weatherford will play one of the defensive halfback positions, and Tim Priest, a sophomore who is a good tackler, the other. Up front is the usual Alabama line, led by Ends Neal McMeans and Jim McDonald and Tackle Dick Williams.

Despite the apparent strength on defense, Doug Dickey does enter a disclaimer that could prove to contain as much truth as it does preseason modesty. "We are not big on defense," says Dickey. "Georgia, Ole Miss and UCLA will all be bigger, and when you play our schedule, this can be particularly wearing."

Normally a team that has just lost quarterbacks such as Dewey Warren and Charlie Fulton would have cause for worry, but few teams have a Hubba Wyche for No. 3. Wyche is the baby-faced, almost roly-poly fellow who came off the bench to beat both Georgia Tech and Alabama when Warren and Fulton were hurt last year. He is a competent passer and very good runner, and his passing looked sharper than usual in the spring game. Wyche, who completed nine of 15 in that game, will be backed up by sophomore Bobby Scott, who hit on 10 of 14 for 151 yards and three touchdowns. Both Wyche and Scott are especially good on the option.

The Vols will run more this year, and not just because their passer is gone. Fullback Richard Pickens, who gained almost 600 yards, is a good blocker as well, which should help Tailback Mike Jones, who has been watched over from the secondary. The offensive line is going to miss Johnson and All-SEC Tackle John Boynton, though sophomore Chip Kell may be good enough to give Tennessee another All-America center before he is through. All-conference Guard Charles Rosenfelder is back, as is Tight End Ken DeLong, a superior blocker and pass catcher.

Tennessee cannot be favored to successfully defend its SEC championship, but with four of its five toughest games at home, where it can introduce its guests to the wonders of Knoxville crowds and Tartan Turf, the Vols are far from long shots.

CONTINUED

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# 14 UCLA



The Great One had kept the Bruins flying, but now they move by foot

On a Saturday night almost exactly a year ago 66,000 people were in Los Angeles' Memorial Coliseum. The lights were blazing, and Bill Bolden, a tall second-string UCLA sophomore quarterback, tossed himself to receive Tennessee's opening kickoff. The football floated lazily toward him like a child's balloon and then, oops, Bolden dropped it.

The Vols recovered the fumble and in four plays they had a touchdown. It was embarrassing. Eventually that night, as had happened so many times before and would happen again as the season progressed, UCLA's All-America quarterback bailed out the Bruins. They managed to get past Tennessee 20-16, a team that proved to be so good it did not lose another game.

Now, for the first time in years, UCLA—and Bolden—are going to find out what life is like without Gary Beban. The Great One, as they called him in L.A., had carried the Bruins to a 24-5-2 record in three seasons. During that period he broke most of UCLA's offensive records, and one could excuse Coach Tommy Prothro for being choked up when Gary left last June. Prothro, however, is not truly crying, for the well of talent at UCLA is far from dried up and the Prothro genius for outsmarting opponents can hardly be diminished.

Bolden is the No. 1 quarterback now, and it is only natural that he feels the burden of his new responsibilities. "It's not so

much exciting as it is frightening," he says. "Everybody will be comparing me with Beban, a guy who was all-world and all-unsure. It's like putting a size-2 shoe into a size-14 box."

After the trauma against Tennessee, there were occasions last year when Bolden fitted that size-14 shoebox very nicely. For example, he made a twisting 56-yard touchdown run against Washington State, and in the Syracuse game he hit Split End Ron Copeland on a 96-yard touchdown pass play.

Bolden excels as a long passer, but at shorter ranges he has his difficulties. His passes tend to float, a critical flaw against any moderately alert defense. But what Bolden can always do instead of throwing a short pass is give the ball to Bolden—for this quarterback runs even better than Beban. "He has more speed and ball-carrying skill than Beban," says Prothro. At 6'3" and 207 pounds, Bolden is stronger and tougher in the open field than The Great One.

Prothro speaks with a golden tongue about Bill Bolden, but that might be because Bolden is the only quarterback UCLA has. Still, Prothro insists that he is not gilding a lonely lily, and he adds seriously, "I just hope the rest of the team can measure up to Bolden. You know, I said that about Gary Beban three years ago and everyone thought I was crazy."

It could be that Bolden's uncertain arm will be used primarily as a threatening tactic to keep defenses from crowding up close to smother UCLA's good running game. Yet any team with the caliber of receivers that UCLA has would be foolish not to pass now and then. Ron Copeland, the 6'4" split end who does the 120-yard hurdles in 13.5, Hal Busby, a 9.4 sprinter, and Wingback George Farmer, who does 9.8, are the kind of receivers who will catch their share of passes if Bolden just throws the ball up in the air somewhere. So there is logic to Prothro's offensive philosophy. "We'll let the opponent's defense call our plays for us. If they tighten up, we'll throw. If they spread, we'll run."

The likelihood is that the opposition will tighten up, for UCLA probably will be far surer about than aloft. Bolden will be a constant running threat on the option play. Tailback Greg Jones does not have great speed, but he is a driving type who breaks tackles well and last year averaged a most impressive six yards a carry. Behind Jones, for the moment, is sophomore Mickey Cureton, a homebred high school All-America who was sought by innumerable colleges. He is short and broad—5'9" and 185 pounds—moves in spurts and jerks, and is slightly faster than Jones. Fullback Rick Purdy is a sturdy blocker and good made runner, and George Farmer, a junior, is the No. 1 wingback over the fleet Hal Busby. Farmer, 6'4", 212 pounds, was the Bruin sensation dur-

ing spring drills. In one scrimmage he scored on 56-, 67- and 13-yard runs, gained 154 yards in five carries and caught a horrage of passes. Prothro was impressed. "Ever since I've been here," he says, "we've been looking for a wingback who can run like a ballcarrier, receive like a split end and block like a lineman. Farmer can do all three."

Despite this talent in back, the UCLA offense has problems because there is trouble up front, where six of last year's linemen are gone. Prothro says that "the offensive line has to be rebuilt entirely. Dh, it's as good as what we lost as far as pure, raw, latent talent is concerned. But it is woefully lacking in experience and that is vital to springing our backs loose."

Tackle Gordon Bosserman is the only survivor from 1967. He will be surrounded by players who, except for Copeland, have seen little action. The most noteworthy of these are second-string Fullback Mike Garratt, who has been moved to tight end, and 221-pound sophomore Scott Steele, who will play the other tackle.

If the UCLA offense shudders to a stop, there is still Zenon Andriushyn, the German-born, Ukrainian-raised Canadian citizen who kicks soccer-style. Last year he averaged 44.2 yards on his punts—the best in the country—kicked 31 of 35 extra points and made 11 field goals. His foot means that UCLA is a scoring threat from anywhere inside of its 50-yard line.

Because of the uncertainties about the offense, it is well the Bruin defense is exceptional, perhaps the best in Prothro's four years at UCLA. Except for the deep secondary, where Hallback Mark Gustafson is the lone returner, the defense is a seasoned, savage crew. The tackles are 280-pound Larry Aguiar, son of old pro Placekicker Ben, and 214-pound Floyd Reese. The ends are Vince Bruchof and Hal Griffin—all of whom Prothro considers "better than anyone we had last year."

Prothro, following a national trend, is going to a 4-4-3 defense, and if anybody slips by his front line, the next quarter is a challenging one. On the inside are Mike Ballou and Don Widmer. At the corners are Dick Davidson and Kim Griffin. The best is Ballou, 6'3", 220 pounds, who is nicknamed The Cat (for his quickness, Prothro trusts, and not because of any resemblance to Jane Fonda). Ballou is considered better than Don Manning, UCLA's 1967 All-America linebacker.

Except for Penn State, it is unlikely that the Bruins will be pressed terribly hard in their first six games. But then, in a grim series of potential disasters, they must face Tennessee, Oregon State and Washington on the road and, for a painful finale, USC at home. And there will be no Great One to bail them out. Unless, by then, his name is Bill Bolden.

CONTINUED

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15



## FLORIDA STATE

It's the same old Seminole team  
—50 yards and a cloud of Sellers

In Tallahassee, where much labor has gone into building the legend of Coach Bill Peterson, they swear that this story is true. It supposedly happened several years ago while an FSU alum who acts as a scout in Bear Bryant's backyard was driving Peterson deep into Alabama's iron-mining region for a look at two likely high school prospects. As they neared their target area, Peterson spotted a small school building that appeared to have survived a hurricane, but barely. Not a window was unbroken.

"Terrible thing," said Peterson. "Kids, I suppose." His driver nodded, but said nothing. "I don't know what kids are coming to," said Peterson. The driver laughed. "You'll find out," he said. "The two boys we're going to see are the ones who smashed the windows." With that, Peterson hammered a fist enthusiastically against the dashboard, urged the driver to greater haste and said, "Damn, I hope no other coach has beaten me to them; I guarantee you those are my kind of kids."

The tale may be apocryphal, but Peterson is the first to concede that he encourages, in fact demands, that his players en-

hance their skills with more than a modicum of legal savagery. As usual, this year's Florida State crop will be as tough as it is talented, and there appears to be enough talent—perhaps more than in any of Peterson's eight previous seasons—to make possible the coveted double prize of a victory over Florida, which is always premier, and of at last playing in the Orange Bowl.

"We've got it," says Peterson. "All we have to do is put it together."

Peterson will start putting it together with Ron Sellers, the All-America flanker, and that is like using Howard Hughes's bankroll as the foundation for building a fortune. "We don't play football," says Peterson. "We play a game called Get the Ball to Sellers." Last season the quarterbacks of Florida State did that 70 times, for 1,228 yards, eight touchdowns, a 17.5-yards-per-pass average—the best in the country—and seven victories and two ties, including that much-discussed 17-17 standoff with Penn State in the Gator Bowl.

Against Alabama last season the 6' 4", 187-pound Sellers found himself covered first by two defenders, and then three, but he caught 13 passes for 165 yards as Florida State stunned everyone, including Peterson, by scoring 37 points on normally impenetrable Alabama. Of course, the Crimson Tide rolled up 37, too. "We tried everything: two on one, three on one, mixing up our personnel," said an unimpressed Bear Bryant later. "We just couldn't stop Sellers." The joke around the FSU campus during practice sessions this spring was: "Same old Florida State—Sellers, 50 yards and a cloud of dust."

"After Ron," says Peterson, normally a dealer in gloom, "we have our finest nucleus ever. We have more depth, and a defense that should be a lot better than last year. It isn't a very big defense, but then we're never very big. Instead, our kids love to hit."

There is a problem at quarterback, but it is little more serious than that of the rich man's son who is trying to decide whether to drive the Cadillac or the Ferrari to the senior ball. Kim Hammond, who broke numerous Seminole passing records last year, has moved on to the Miami Dolphins, but Peterson has two excellent replacements in Gary Pajac and Bill Cappelman. Pajac is an experienced senior. As a sophomore he was sensational, completing 125 passes for 1,590 yards after winning the job from Hammond. He was troubled by a sore arm during much of last season but claims this has been cured by elbow surgery—which, incidentally, forced him to miss spring practice. A junior who has played but briefly, Cappelman has one of the better throwing arms in the college ranks.

"Bill has the arm," says Peterson, "but Gary has the experience. Gary may look

funny passing, but he's got timing and he gets the ball there. That's what counts." Obviously, Peterson is leaning toward Pajac and experience.

The rest of the offense will be Chip Glass, a 6' 4", 231-pound senior tight end who is very good at catching anything not thrown to Sellers and even better at knocking down pass rushes. Phil Abraina, an inexperienced and not-too-fast split end, and a lot of runners no one has ever heard of. That is the perpetual tragedy of Florida State football: there never are any runners that anyone has heard of.

"Now wait," says Peterson. "We just could have that one big runner that we've always lacked. He may be a great one; a kid named George Bailey."

O K, coach, but it is safe to wager that no one will ever hear of George Bailey, mostly because his name is Tom Bailey. But, then, Peterson never will win any prizes for remembering names. Tom Bailey is a 6' 2", 212-pound sophomore, and, at the moment, is Florida State's second-string fullback behind John Pittman, but the moment may not last long. "I know he's never played a varsity game," says Peterson, "but every night I knock on wood and cross my fingers and rub my rabbit's foot and hope that nothing happens to him. He's going to be a magnificent athlete. Think what a boy like that could do to take the pressure off our passing attack."

The offensive line is smaller than Peterson would like, but it is still only Guard Wayne McDuffie through graduation so it is experienced. In this case FSU might trade some of the experience for more weight, especially in the middle. Billy Rhodes, the lone big man at 240, will handle one tackle and Jack Fenwick, 226, the other. Both are better than average. Guards Larry Pendleton, 212, and Stan Walker, 207, are quick enough to make up most of what they give away in poundage. Ted Mosley, a 213-pound senior center, is an excellent pass blocker. "The other people only got to our passer 14 times last year," said Peterson. "That's not bad."

Defensively, Florida State is deep at every position, with a fast, proven secondary, strong linebacking—led by Dale McCullers and Chuck Elliott—and a line that is quick; but it, too, is small.

Should his offense falter, and with Sellers that is unlikely, Peterson hopes that he has a good placekicker in Grant Guthrie, a junior who hit nine of 14 field goals and 26 of 27 extra points last year. What Guthrie did not do was get an indicated knee operation, and he is being watched anxiously.

If Sellers stays well, FSU has a chance of winning them all, including its big ones against Florida, Texas A&M and Houston. Even if it does not win, it is going to shake up the crowds. Fifty yards and a cloud of Sellers makes for a rousing offense.

The chair that Charlie McClendon occupies in his paneled office under LSU's Tiger Stadium is leather covered, reclines and has wheels. It is a nice chair, except for the ever-warmer seat that it seems to develop during football season. It has been that way for McClendon ever since he inherited this head coach's chair from Paul Dietzel seven years ago. Dietzel won a national championship for LSU back in 1958, and no one in Louisiana for, lo, these 10 long years has ever felt that anything less than No. 1 was really up to snuff.

It hardly has been fair for LSU boosters to keep the heat on Charlie McClendon's chair year after year, because he has done almost nothing to deserve such treatment. Admittedly, he is not a Dietzel. Paul is tall and blond with a Madison Avenue men and a GL-70 smile. Charlie is large and blocky, an Arkansas backslapper who gives names like "bushwhacker" to his roving safetyman, and when he decides he wants "something distinctive" for his team he thinks of such things as gold helmets with wild purple tiger stripes slashed across the top—he even may buy them next year.

But perhaps LSU is finally beginning to suspect that Charlie McClendon is building a record that can compare with anybody's. He is 44-17-4 at LSU while facing a schedule that would tire out a tiger. His teams have gone to five bowl games in seven years. His 1962 Tigers upset unbeaten Texas in the Orange Bowl, his 1965 team broke Arkansas's 17-game winning streak and his 1967 squad dumped undefeated Wyoming 20-13 in the Sugar Bowl. But Charlie McClendon is still troubled by the back-chair coaches up there in the LSU stands.

"Everybody wants another great team here. Yes, like the one in '58," he sighs. "Well, so do I. The trouble is we could have a great team of these years and never know it. Our schedule [which includes Texas A&M, Miami, Mississippi and Alabama this season] won't let us be great."

There are 36 lettermen back from the good but not sensational 6-3-1 team of last year. There is reasonable speed, strength and, of course, experience just about everywhere except the one spot where a No. 1—or even a No. 10—team must excel. At quarterback.

If Nelson Stokley, the fragile little leader of last season, were back, it could be quite a different year. But he departed after becoming one of the best quarterbacks LSU has had in years, and McClendon will probably start Fred Haynes, a so-so senior who saw quite a bit of action during Stokley's convalescent weeks in '66 and '67. Haynes is rugged, confident and personally steady. But he is small (5'9", 165 pounds) and he does not have either the good arm or the inspirational qualities of a Stokley. Behind Haynes are some other possibilities. Junior Jimmy Gilbert is more spectacular but less



Poor Charlie is on the hot seat and only a thrower can give him a lift

reliable than Haynes. Buddy Lee is big (6'4", 205) and throws well, but he missed spring practice with a knee injury. Sophomore Butch Dube is a good prospect, but hardly for this year. With rather grim understatement, McClendon says, "We will have some trouble keeping our offense up to what it was last year. But if it were not for this quarterback crisis..."

One can sympathize with McClendon's sadness, for his nonquarterbacks are leading quite a team. At fullback is Eddie Ray, 6' 2", 225 pounds, who is an agile runner, a magnificent blocker, a sound receiver, a muddling-good passer and a punter who averaged 42.9 yards last year as a sophomore. This season Ray is going to add to his versatility by playing middle linebacker on the goal-line defensive unit, and he just might be used at defensive end, too, because LSU's top man at that position, Jerry Kober, flunked out of school last spring and is ineligible. Shifting with Ray into the myriad formations of LSU's "walking I" attack will be veteran Tailback Tommy (Trigger) Allen, who led the 1967 team in rushing with 534 yards, Tailback Glenn Smith, who was the running star of the Sugar Bowl, and Allen Shorey, a sophomore. At split end is senior Tommy Morel, an off-season guitar and piano player in his own combo. He caught 28 passes for 404 yards last year, plus two TD throws in the Sugar Bowl. The offensive line has weaknesses in the middle, although Guard Tony Russell, All-SEC in '67, is back, along with Tackle Bill Fortner, who is considered a better than average professional prospect.

Graduation took some of LSU's defense, including Defensive End John Garlington, Safety Sammy Grezaffi and Linebacker Benny Griffin. Along with Kober's scholastic problems, that would seem to leave some unfillable holes. But McClendon says no.

"We're hoping the defense will be better than last year," he says. "A little quicker." The middle of the defensive line may be a trifle spongy, although Fred Michaelson, who won his letter as a tackle, looks reasonably good at middle guard. Tackle Carlos Rabb and End Tommy Youngblood are both two-year veterans, and the linebacker should be solid. It could be superb if George Bevan, a sensation as a '66 sophomore before he suffered a severe Achilles' tendon injury last year, can return to play. If he can, then LSU will have as strong a set of linebackers as any team in the country. Bevan, Bill Thomason, who was good as a sophomore last year, and Mike Anderson, a 6' 3", 215-pound sophomore who is, in his spare time, a giant-size pole-vaulter. McClendon is particularly impressed with Anderson. "He has the football savvy to read the offense," says Charlie. "He knows where to go, he has the speed to get there and he is a destructive tackler." In the secondary, senior Barton Frye will be LSU's bushwhacking safetyman, and he may be nearly as good as Grezaffi was. He will be supported by Halfbacks Frank Matte and Gerry Kent and the other safety, Jim Lambert, all three seniors.

Whatever else may be different about LSU this season, one thing remains unchanged from 1967 when the team was nicknamed the Toothless Tigers because of its painful lack of placekickers. This year half the Tiger toes on campus, including those of a South American soccer player, have been tried and, so far, all have been found inferior. For want of a foot.

Given his problems, Charlie McClendon does not figure to be in anyone's cabined seat at the end of the season. But his team certainly should perform well enough to keep Charlie sitting cool. Anywhere but in Louisiana, that is.

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## MIAMI



The Hurricanes have everything except a way to deliver a blow by air

When it all began in 1926, the University of Miami had less than 800 students. Today there are 17,000. Its campus is one of the most modern in the country: 260 lush subtropical acres ornamented by colorful, stylish classroom buildings and residency halls, a magnificent student center, a nine-story library and a five-story Computing Center. Its Institute of Marine Sciences is one of the best-known oceanographic stations in the world, and its research vessels scour the seas on marine missions. "We have a responsibility to maintain an atmosphere in which ideas may flourish," says Dr. Henry King Stanford from the president's chair. "Where students may become acquainted with the accumulated knowledge of the ages, where they will be intellectually challenged and inspired to make a contribution toward preserving and extending the finest that is bequeathed to us."

"Damn," says Charlie Tate, who has a responsibility to win football games. "With all of that, you'd think I could find just one quarterback."

Ah, the plight of Tate and his Hurricanes. They almost have it all—big, strong, powerful running backs, a defense that never would have allowed Santa Anna inside the Alamo, a cornucopia of gifted, if young, receivers. And Ted Hendricks. Almost everything, except a quarterback. "Having a pro offense like ours with great receivers but no first-rate quarterback is like having a new limousine with a champagne at the wheel," says Tate, thereby establishing some kind of record for coaching honesty.

As might have been guessed, Tate has a problem. But don't begin penning an unhappy ending yet. Tate does have David Olivo, the 6' 2" 215-pound senior who began last season as a fullback and ended it as the No. 1 quarterback. Olivo's drawback is that he plays like a fullback. At best, he

is a mediocre passer and he is guilty of indecisiveness, but he is improving.

What that means is that Tate will be taking a long, considered look at Lew Pynel, a sophomore short on height (5' 11") but long on potential, and one who, it is said, has the darting moves and the strong arm of a George Mira, Miami's All-America quarterback of five years ago. The chances are that Tate will open with Olivo but use Pynel increasingly.

The Miami running attack should be as good as, if not better than, last year, and last year it was punishing. There is John Acuff, a 195-pound senior who has been shifted to fullback. His running mate will be Vincent Opatky, who can move his 210 pounds over 100 yards in 9.7 seconds, and together they give Miami its best one-two ground-gaining punch in history. Should either falter, Bobby Best, a 6' 1", 205-pounder who broke numerous freshman records last year, is anxious to put his best foot forward.

Unhappily, this offense will be operating behind a largely inexperienced line. Miami lost six of its first seven linemen, and the lone returnee, James Schneider, is a center who has been moved to tackle. The switch was made with the return of Don Brandy, who sat out most of 1967 because of a broken hand. "Our offensive line is not as big as we'd like," says Tate, "but it has good speed. It needs maturity."

Maturity may not come before half of the season has passed, and by then Miami will have played Georgia Tech, USC and LSU. But then the Hurricanes have a history of starting dismally. "The only way they can ever go unbeaten," grumbles an experienced Miami observer, "is to start with five open dates."

Miami's pass receiving is young and there will be mistakes, but it also can be good. Dave Kalina, a junior-college transfer, has

won the split-end job, and already he is being touted as one of Miami's alltime top receivers. At Coffeyville (Kans.) Junior College he caught 64 passes for 1,300 yards and 19 touchdowns, and in three spring games Kalina led all Miami receivers.

Then there is Ray Bellamy, a 6' 4", 194-pound sophomore who runs the 100 in 9.8 and is the first Negro on a Miami football team. At the moment Tate plans on using him primarily at flanker, and Bellamy says he does not care where he plays, just so they throw him the ball. His last two years in high school he scored 18 touchdowns, despite playing both offense and defense, but he discounts this. "Then I was the biggest and fastest man on the field all the time," he says. "I'm finding out in college there are players bigger and faster, and there's always someone on the bench who can play just as well, maybe better." Maybe. As a freshman, Bellamy caught 24 passes for 296 yards in four games, and if there were bigger and faster people around, they did not seem to bother him.

Another sophomore Tate has penciled in as a flanker is Dexter Mathies, 6' 3" and homegrown. He was last year's top freshman receiver with 26 catches, 370 yards and five touchdowns, and in 1966 he was the state's top prep player of the year.

The Miami defense, led by No. 89, the 6' 8", 222-pound all-everything, Ted Hendricks, should be impressive. As everybody from Miami to Miami Beach will trust, this is Hendricks' year for the Heisman Trophy, and that opiminated minority just might prove right if Miami has an exceptional season. Tate has indicated he even plans on using The Mad Stork on offense, which won't hurt the towering defensive end's chances in the balloting. Hendricks came to Miami as an offensive end and was thrown one pass during his sophomore year, which he dropped. In the last two years he also has dropped 247 enemy runners (Hendricksaphiles count such things) and recovered eight fumbles. In 1967, against Pittsburgh, he blocked a quick kick and ran it back to Pitt's 16, setting up a touchdown. Against Virginia Tech, he enabled Miami to get its winning score by slapping the ball out of the quarterback's hand and then recovering it 20 yards farther downfield, and against Tulane he twice stole the ball from Quarterback Bobby Duhon.

"If you don't believe he's good," says Tate, "then just ask any quarterback we've faced the last two years."

Coach Ray Graves of Florida says, "Hendricks is the only player I know who could make All-America in four positions."

"Four positions?" someone said to Tate. "I wonder if one of them just might be quarterback?"

"I dunno," said Tate, thoughtfully. "I dunno."

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## INDIANA

Can the Big Ten stand another year of listening to 'Punt, John. Punt!'

Not long after John Pont's Rose Bowl football team had become Indiana's greatest export since Wendell Willkie, the coach was given a Day in his home town of Canton, Ohio. After the usual corn-band serenade and crêpe-paper-parade type of thing, there was a banquet attended by, as John put it, "all my old friends and their wives—steelworkers, shopworkers, just ordinary people." Concerned that the \$5-a-plate fee for the affair might be a bit much for ordinary people, Pont mentioned the price to a man with him on the dais. He replied, "Yeah, it's a little steep, John, especially when you figure a year ago they might not have paid \$1.25 to see you."

Well, the flickle flame of fame did light up John Pont and his Hoosiers last year, and with it came a full quota of \$5 banquets, Coach of the Year prizes and all the old-saw awe that Americans reserve for Horatio Alger legends come true. Pont's 1967 Big Ten co-champions were indeed zero-to-zillion heroes in the moldiest penny-dreadful mold.

The tale has been oft told and resold this summer in the flickering glow of Indiana campfires and chafing dishes: of the old days around Bloomington where Ye Olde Regulator and the Stuard used to resound with hurrahs after the Hoosiers had held Minnesota or Ohio State or Michigan to a mere five-touchdown margin. Of John Pont's

arrival in 1965 after Indiana had won only 27 of 90 games over 10 years. Of interred John's unrelenting courage in attempting to stamp out the easy acceptance of defeat at IU. Of how after two years of encouraging his boys to "Think Win," he had amassed a 3-16-1 record. Of how, dramatically, out of the rags rose riches in the form of last season's 9-1 record and Rose Bowl trip.

But what happens after Horatio Alger has succeeded? What happens after Cindy finds the prince is mad about her? Does the gold get tarnished and do the glass wedgies start to pinch? Well, as they say after the episodes in any hairbreadth thriller, the Indiana football saga was *To Be Continued Next Fall*. Now it is time for that continuation. John Pont may be an optimist, but he is not a fool. He admits that in squeezing out victories in the final four minutes of six different games last year "we had our share of good fortune." He also knows that the Hoosiers will sorely miss the precious psychological advantage they had in '67. "We've lost the element of surprise that worked for us then," he says. "People just couldn't believe we were real right up to the end of the season. That's all changed now. Our opponents will point for us."

But Pont has 32 lettermen back, and he does not foresee a return to the haplessness of yore. "I'd be out of character and something less than honest if I claimed we won't have a good football team," he says. "The big thing last year was that our players didn't think they could lose. They feel the same way now."

Among the brash veterans of that mad season are the Psychedelic Phosphoresces who made it happen. There is Harry Gensco, the dashing young quarterback who completed 67 passes for 920 yards, rushed for 512 and consistently offered a kind of madcap geniality that Pont has called "carefree football." And there is John ("Punt, John. Punt!") Iserbarger, the inventive halfback who rushed for 579 fun-filled yards, including a few that he picked up when he occasionally chose to amuse himself by terrifying the crowd, his coaches and his teammates with a surprise decision to run instead of punt on fourth down. It did not always work, but Pont is not a believer in robot football and he likes excitement as well as the next man. "I don't say that I don't get mad at some of the things Iserbarger does," says Pont, "but I don't worry about it. He's refreshing, and I still think there's a place for enthusiasm in the game." And there is Jade Butcher, the flanker who caught 35 passes for 611 yards and led the team in scoring with 10 touchdowns. The only loss in Indiana's offensive backfield was at fullback, where Pont is grooming two sophomores, Tom Fleming and Hank Pogue, to support senior Roger Grove.

Because of its experience, the offense

should be improved over '67. But Pont did lose the middle of his line and will have to go with relatively untried men at both guards and center. The tackles, Bob Kirk and Rick Spickard, are regulars from last year, and so are Tight End Al Gage and Split End Eric Solberg. They should be sound, if not sensational. Pont concedes that the Hoosiers will not push anyone around with this line—just as they didn't last year. "Oh, I imagine we can power the ball inside if we have to," he says. "But if we had our druthers, we'd go outside."

The middle of the defensive line, too, is going to be short on experience, and Pont also lost three of his top four linebackers. This could make for some huge holes in Indiana's defense, which Pont describes as "four-four and gambling." The only returning linebacker is Jim Snaudecki, 6'2", 214, but he is magnificent. "Jim is so tough," says Pont, "that people ran away from him all last year." Snaudecki, an All-Big-Ten selection who made 59 solo tackles last season, will play the key middle-linebacker spot. One other linebacking position will go to Bob Moynihan, who weighs only 198 pounds and is another of those frequent cases where speed makes up for muscle in what is thought of as a mudderman's position. The other two linebacking spots are still open and may be until kick-off time, for there are numerous candidates.

As for the deep secondary, Pont has always favored a flamboyant strategy there. "I know," he says, "that you'll get hurt if your backs are too aggressive, but they'll also throw somebody for eight- or 10-yard losses now and then." Most of the gambling Indiana secondary is back, but Pont is extremely enthusiastic about a sophomore named Larry Highbaugh, a spry of a man (5'9", 158 pounds) but a speedster who has run the 100 in 9.2—with the wind. Highbaugh may play safety or on offense, and will certainly return punts, along with Gary Brown.

Indiana has a fairly easy early schedule with Baylor, Kansas, Illinois, Iowa and Michigan, but then winds up the season against an improving Michigan State team, Minnesota and Purdue. Says Pont of its overall prospects: "There's no doubt in my mind that this club is good enough to rank in the top 20 teams in the country right now. What happens as the season progresses is just up to fate and we'll have to work like the devil to stay there. I don't think there's any chance for a letdown on this squad. The seniors have gone through 1-3-1 and 9-2 seasons and there's great pride now on our campus."

If Gensco, Iserbarger & Co. come anywhere near their happy-go-lucky heights of 1967, Indiana should have a year to be proud of. But it won't be one of those \$5 banquet jobs. About \$3.50 sounds right.

CONTINUED



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Which means the Volvo you buy should definitely not have a bug in it.



# ARMY 19



The Black Knights have come upon sunny days, and they march ahead

C oach Tom Cahill was sitting on a table in the drab Army dressing room in Philadelphia's John F. Kennedy Stadium one afternoon early last December. His team had just lost to Navy and somber Army officers were filing by to pay their respects. Cahill, puffing leisurely on a cigarette and with a half smile on his rugged face, hardly looked like a coach whose team had been beaten in what Army and Navy brass rank as the only game. His response to one well-meaning consoler must have shaken the granite of West Point. "It's not the end of the world," said Cahill matter-of-factly. "It's just another football game."

Navy just another football game? It may be heresy, but that's the attitude that prevails at West Point these days, and it has won Army a lot of football games in the past two years. The man responsible is, of course, Cahill, the obscure former plebe coach who in 1966 was hauled forth from a backroom and brought, blinking, into the bright lights to take over as head coach because nobody else was handy at the time. A few months later he was Coach of the Year and in a position to say that beating Navy could no longer be the sole goal of an Army football season.

Not that beating Navy doesn't mean a lot to Cahill and his team. Failure to defeat the underdog Midships last year gave Army an 8-2 season instead of 9-1, and the loss was a nuisance because people are beginning to take Army seriously. Once again they are expecting the Cadets to do well—against everybody. After several years of dull, stodgy football, the Army team is stimulating. Its offense, which operates from a wing T, is designed for springing players loose for long gains. Nor do the Cadets hesitate to throw the ball. In fact, Army passed 229 times in 1967, 50% more than it did in the last pre-Cahill year, 1965. On defense,

Army players swarm the ballcarrier and keep coming at him until their quarry is pinned down.

Cahill's style and his calm approach have paid off. The Cadets have had two 8-2 seasons—and an even split with Navy—since Cahill took over, and last year they were set to go to the Sugar Bowl when the Pentagon inexplicably ruled that while other service academies might send teams to bowl games, Army could not because "it would tend to emphasize football to an extent not consistent with the mission of the academy, which is to produce Army officers."

This season Cahill should low-pressure his Cadets to a high rating again. Despite important losses in both the offensive and defensive lines, this ought to be another 8-2 season. Army might even crowd Penn State in the fight for best in the East, a status that probably will go to the winner of the Army-Penn State game. State fans are nervously aware of Army's annoying habit of upsetting the Nittany Lions.

One reason for Penn State's to be wary is that Army has its best set of backs since Pete Dawkins and Bob Anderson. The strength starts with three quarterbacks. Steve Lindell, the No. 1 man, does not look like much when he passes. He sort of glides the ball off his palm. It flutters and wobbles in the air but somehow falls toward earth. Lindell knows where. Last year Lindell, after recovering from an ulcer attack, completed 73 out of 144 passes for 843 yards. His favorite target, Split End Terry Young, is gone, but John Bolger, who replaces Young, and Gary Steele, the 6' 5" tight end, are good receivers. Lindell can scramble, too, and he does a lot of it.

Behind Lindell is Jim D'Toole, who almost pulled out the Navy game in the fourth quarter. D'Toole, who has recovered from a knee operation, is a better passer than Lin-

dell, but he does not run as well. Finally, there is Roger LeDoux, who quarterbacked the team early last season when both Lindell and D'Toole were ailing.

Fullback Charlie Jarvis is Army's best back. He is the tough-yardage man and goes anywhere to find it—inside, outside, around the end. Disposing defenses always key on him, but that rarely helps. Jarvis has led the team in rushing for two years and in 1967 scored eight touchdowns. But opponents may have more difficulty in concentrating on Jarvis now, because Army has some help for him. In Lynn Moore and Hank Andrzejczak (pronounced Andriush-jack), the Cadets have two halfbacks who can break a game open with a single thrust. Pressing them is Billy Hunter, a compact, 195-pound sophomore who could turn out to be better than either. A broken-field runner, Hunter scored 108 points for Army's unbeaten plebe team and ran the ball for 121 yards in 16 carries in the spring game.

Unfortunately, Army will have to shake these backs loose through an offensive line that is not of top quality. Aside from Steele and 215-pound Tackle Bob Ivany, the starters are all players who were reserves a year ago and are small. Guard Bill Jackson got his letter at tackle, but Bolger, the new split end, Cid Dobrski, the other tackle, Guard Gary Bogema and Center Ted Shadid saw only limited duty.

Nor is the defensive line of Maginet proportions, though Army hopes it will be less easily breached. Steve Yarnell, barely 195 pounds, is back at tackle, while two other regulars have been switched to new positions. Tom Wheelock, who played end, has taken over for graduated Bud Nowiackichy as the general, which means he sets up his command post wherever he thinks the enemy is likely to attack. Dick Lucke, a former defensive back, is now in Wheelock's old end spot. The other starters are Joe Newman at middle guard, Bob Allardice at tackle and Bill Price at end. Allardice is the heaviest at 215 pounds, and the front five, which averages a mere 200, may be the smallest in major-college football this year. But that doesn't bother Cahill. "You don't have to be big to play the game," he insists. "Just quick and tough."

The secondary is more experienced, and that is what will save the Cadets some unflattering moments. The linebacking is first-class, headed by Kenny Johnson, a fiery 200-pounder, and Jodie Glone, who backed up Jim Bevans a year ago. The deep men, Dennis Hutchinson, Pete Dencker and Tom Huffer, all know their way around and are especially tenacious pass defenders.

Army will be an underdog against Penn State and may have trouble with Missouri, but an 8-2 record for the third straight year is completely possible. So is a victory over Navy—not that anybody really cares.

CONTINUED



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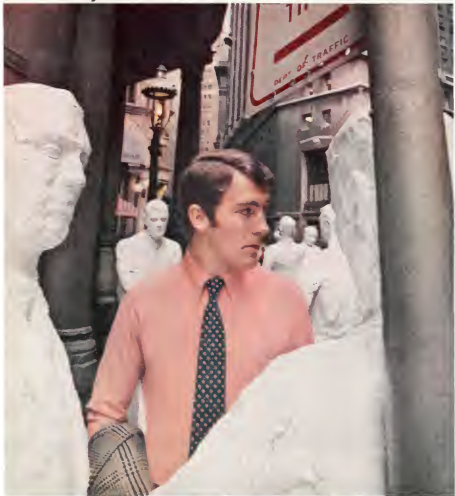
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Last season before the Missouri game the players of Kansas University asked their effervescent rookie head coach, Pepper Rodgers, to lead them onto the field. He agreed, saying, "You watch. I'll give you something to shout for." And as he trotted out ahead of the team, Rodgers suddenly flung himself into a spectacular somersault. "It ties in with my philosophy of football," he explained later. "I like to do the unexpected."

And so it was all last year. Whereas KU had figured to act as an uncomplaining doormat for almost every team it played, the Jayhawks proved to be astonishingly adept at the Philosophy of the Unexpected. They won five of their seven Big Eight Conference games, barely lost to Big Ten champion Indiana 18-15 and forced Oklahoma into a last-minute desperation pass to salvage a 14-10 win. Kansas' 5-5 record brought no Top Ten votes, and its tie for second in the Big Eight is hardly epic news. But for a first-year job at a school that had lost 15 of its last 20, it was nothing short of brilliant.

This year, says Pepper Rodgers, "we'll be better." Already there is enthusiasm in a student body that usually turns moribund at football time. More than 1,000 student tickets have been purchased in advance, and Quarterback Bob Douglass announced with pleased surprise recently: "A lot of students have actually talked to me about football this year." One reason is the bold and open personality of the somersaulting Rodgers, who also delighted the KU undergraduates a couple of times last fall by crossing the field to make impassioned postictory pep talks to the kids in the stands.

Quarterback Douglass is another stirring reason for optimism in Lawrence. Now a senior, he had been recruited by KU as a wondrous high school performer, then proceeded to give a so-so performance as a freshman and an out-and-out flop show as a sophomore. When Rodgers arrived last year, straight from assistant-coaching jobs in which he had polished the quarterbacking talents of Steve Spurrier and Gary Beban, he saw some films of Douglass in operation and decided the raw material was there. Rodgers and his staff went to work on Douglass, teaching him to get out from under the center quicker, to vary the velocity of his passes and to use his 6' 3" height to spot linebackers on short patterns.

The making of Douglass was critical to KU success, for as Rodgers says: "Our offense is basically a quarterback offense. He has a chance to run or throw like a single-wing tailback. In virtually every case he has only one receiver, and if that man isn't open, the quarterback takes off and runs as fast and as hard and as far as he can." Douglass mastered his lessons. He completed 82 of 173 passes for 1,326 yards and he rushed

175 times for 415 yards, giving him the top Big Eight total-offense figure with 1,741 yards and winning him the conference Back of the Year award.

The rest of the Kansas backfield may include a brother combo from tiny Centralia, Kans. John Riggins, a 225-pound sophomore fullback, was not only a strong runner as a freshman but has been clocked doing the 100 in 9.8. He dislocated a shoulder in spring practice but seems in top shape now and should be one of the best rookies in the Big Eight. His brother, Junior, was the starting tailback for Rodgers last fall when he gained 279 yards rushing, caught eight passes for 161 yards and returned 14 kickoffs for 285 yards. Talented as the Riggins Bros. are, Fullback Mike Reeves, a junior, and Tailback Don Autry, a 6' 2", 215-pound sophomore, could press the pair for starting jobs.

The interior offensive line is not so deep with talent. The major weakness is at tackle, where Larry Brown, a sophomore, and Grant Dahl, a converted defensive tackle, must overcome their inexperience, although 260-pound senior Keith Christensen and sophomore Kevin O'Malley will add some needed depth.

At split end, Rodgers expects much from George McGowan, a rangy junior-college transfer who managed to impress pros during spring workouts more than any other KU player. He caught 12 Douglass passes for 141 yards and a TD in a spring game. Rodgers says, "George has what you call 'quick feet,' always moving at 90 miles an hour. You can't teach a good receiver how and when to cut; he's born with it. Just like McGowan was." At tight end is John Moser, a junior who broke KU records last year by catching 37 passes for 495 yards and four touchdowns. The McGowan-Moser axis will allow no room for double-teaming of receivers, and at wingback Rodgers has John Jackson, a track sprinter. At tailback is versatile veteran Don Shanklin, who caught 10 passes last year and returned 25 punts for 271 yards.

The Kansas offense looks sound, but no more so than the defense. The front five are all returning starters. Tackles Oville Turgone and Bill Greene are good. End Vernon Vano, 6' 8" and 290 pounds, is often spectacular, although he occasionally gets faked out of his position spectacularly. At the other end is senior John Zook, a reformed sky diver now totally dedicated to the ground game of football, who made 15 tackles against Nebraska last season, causing Coach Bob Devaney to moan, "We never blocked him once last year. We never blocked him once today. We've only got one more chance." The middle guard is Emery Hicks, who is also outstanding. A 5' 11", 230-pound junior, he made 17 tackles in his first game as a sophomore and Rodgers ranks

# 20



## KANSAS

A passer and a pinch of Pepper bring football back to Lawrence

him in a class with Oklahoma's graduated All-America, Granville Liggins. At linebacker, Rodgers has Mickey Doyle, who made 114 tackles last year, and Pat Hutchens, who weighs a mere 174 pounds in mud cleats. Backing them up is Levi Lee, a Vietnam Navy veteran who reenrolled at KU this fall and, as Rodgers says, "has a reputation like Jesse James" for his savage play as a Topeka high schooler. The secondary has two sophomores, Skip James and Dule Holt, joining veterans Tommy Ball and Billy Hunt.

As with many major college teams, Kansas could face some racial strain, but the outlook right now, thanks to administration and athletic department efforts, is good. In the spring 15 black players boycotted a practice session because the university had not picked a Negro for the right-gar pompon cheerleading team. Subsequently one was given a spot, and Rodgers now says of the incident, "I think it may have brought us all closer together."

It looks as if the Kansas pompon girls should get a lot of chances to show off their acrobatic victory antics this year—but Pepper Rodgers, of course, may upstage them with his somersaults.

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# IN THE CONFERENCES



## IVY LEAGUE

Yale Quarterback Brian Dowling throws a football in parabolas and once broke his hand when he tripped in an agility drill, but he has yet to play in a losing game and he may keep that record intact for another season. Dowling passed for 584 yards last year, and he is such a successful leader that if he blushed at a compliment, the entire Yale team would follow him by turning crimson. Coach Carmen Cosma complains about the rest of his offense, but he has back such able players as Halfback Calvin Hill, Ends Bruce Weinstein and Lew Roney and Tackle Kyle Gee. If Yale cannot repeat last year's undefeated conference record, the reason will be a wobbly defense, where seven starters are gone.

Dartmouth's traditionally effective attack just could be strong enough to take advantage of Yale's questionable defense. Quarterback Bill Koenig, a good passer, may be overshadowed by sophomore Jim Chusey, a better one, while Bob Mlakar, Bob Lundquist and Dave Boyle are all good runningbacks. Princeton will make it a three-way title race, for all the Tigers save one return on offense, including Tailback Dick Bracken and Fullback Ellis Moore.

There can hardly be title hopes at Harvard, but there is excitement over Richie Siano, the Polish halfback. Bobby Kennedy found on a New York City playground one day and helped recruit, Siano set a Harvard freshman record for scoring. He, Vic Gatto—soon to be the all-time Crimson rushing leader—and Ray Hornblower add up to a strong running attack. Cornell, which came on well last year, will continue to worry the leaders, but the same cannot be said for Brown, Columbia and that fallen giant of long ago, Penn. They had best play for the pure pleasure of it.

## SOUTHERN

In 1953 seven of the best football schools in the Southern Conference packed up their helmets, hip pads and grants-in-aid and departed to form their own league, the Atlantic Coast Conference. In 1955 Virginia Tech, its football program blossoming, turned independent, followed last July 1 by West Virginia, the only real football power that had remained in the conference. What is left may not be the strongest league anywhere but it is the most evenly matched.

Anybody can win the SC title this year, but the race will probably be settled when Richmond visits East Carolina on October 26. Coach Frank Jones of Richmond lost much of his offensive line, but the Spiders are bigger and faster overall, and Buster O'Brien, the league's best quarterback, is back. East Carolina, like Princeton, still does quite well with the single wing, thank you, although the Pirates need a tailback to replace Neal Hughes. Fullback Butch Colson, who set an SC record last year with 1,135 yards, should pick up the slack, and seven returning starters make the defense strong. William and Mary, swifter and bigger than usual, is also a title threat. End Jim Cavanaugh, who caught 48 passes last year, returns.

The Citadel, with a number of good players in key places, is another dark horse. Tailback Jim McMillan is a proven runner, and the defense is headed by Linebacker John Small, who does things up big. VMI's main hope is that Murphy Sprinkel can step in for Russ Quay at quarterback. Furman has Quarterback Clyde Howell, who threw for 1,873 yards last year, and Fullback Joe Street to lead its attack, but the defense is inexperienced. Davidson faces a tougher schedule—Virginia and Vanderbilt have been added—with a team weakened by the loss of Quarterback Jimmy Poole.

## ATLANTIC COAST

Spring practice left Clemson Coach Frank Howard with ends, tackles, guards, runners, receivers, linebackers—everything it seems, but an experienced quarterback. Charley Waters or Billy Armons, one of whom will take over, should have a lot of fun giving the ball to Buddy Gore, who set an ACC rushing record last season. Eight of 11 starters return on the defense and, quarterback or no, the Tigers must be favored for their fourth ACC win in four years.

Both North Carolina State and Wake Forest will cause Clemson some anguish. Last year NC State took a magnificent defensive unit, dressed it in white shoes, won eight of 10 games and beat Georgia in the Liberty Bowl. Coach Earle Edwards will try to build another such defense around End Mark Capuano and an attack around Runners Charlie Bowers and Bobby Hall. Coach Bill Tate calls his Wake Forest team "a bunch of boys who are fun to watch." The most fun can be found in watching Quarterback Fred Summers, who took the Deacons out of the pigeon class and led them to wins in their last four games.

At South Carolina, Paul Dietzel has 21 lettermen back, but he is especially cheered by the return of Defensive Back Ben Gallowsay. Quarterback Gayle Bomar is the big man at North Carolina, which needs more like him. Virginia has balance and two fine runners in Frank Quayle and Jeff Anderson—but that can't carry the Cavaliers too far. Maryland Quarterback Alan Pasirano, fully recovered from a knee injury, will try a new offense for the Terps, and why not? The old one scored all of 15 points in the first six games last year. Blue Devil Quarterback Al Woodall allowed a coed to write a term paper for him during the spring, leaving Duke—and himself—in trouble.





## SOUTHEASTERN

Once again the rugged SEC has contributed four teams to the Top 20—Alabama, Florida, Tennessee and LSU. And a Top 21 probably would have included Georgia. The Bulldogs, looked upon as a team to beat last year, played three big games and served as a beatable team each time. This year, as a spoiler, Georgia could defeat enough clubs with high hopes—including Tennessee and Florida—to have a season worth celebrating 12 months later than expected. Everything rests upon Mike Cavan, a sophomore passer around whom Coach Vince Dooley has erected a pro-type attack. Brad Johnson and Bruce Kemp are reliable runners, and Bill Stauffill's presence eases the loss of All-America Tackle Edgar Chandler.

Auburn is a little quicker and a lot deeper than last season, but its schedule (Miami, Florida, Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama—in succession) probably will keep the Tigers from improving on 1967's record of 6-4. Quarterback Loran Carter, the SEC's passing-yards and total-offense leader, is back, along with his favorite target, Tim Christian. For the first time in 19 years Ole Miss Coach Johnny Vaught will start a sophomore quarterback. He doesn't have to—he wants to. Archie Manning, says Vaught, is straight from the mold of Eagle Oley or Glyn Griffing or Jake Gibbs, which means he can pass, run and think. The trouble is the Rebels are starting nine other sophomores, too.

Coach Bill Pace has hardened up Vanderbilt's traditionally soft noses, but the Commodores will still lose more than they win. Kentucky currently has one of the SEC's finest losing traditions and its very best player, Dicky Lyons, who might be good enough to beat a few teams all by himself. Mississippi State cannot expect much improvement on last year's 1-9 performance.

## MID-AMERICAN

For years Mid-American teams enjoyed trampling all over poor Toledo. But that was before the arrival of Coach Frank Lauterbur. Pretty soon the Rockets begin to give opponents trouble and last season, after losing their opener to Ohio U., they won nine straight and tied the Bobcats for the conference title. Perhaps it is only coincidental, but Toledo's success was followed by three coaches leaving the league. Bowling Green, Kent State and Marshall all have new leaders. This season should get back to more traditional form, with Ohio and Miami favored for the championship—but nobody is discounting Toledo anymore. The Rockets still have Tailback Roland Moss, a powerful runner who scored 16 touchdowns in 1967, and they have added a little (5' 10", 175 pounds) quarterback, Steve Jones, who is an adequate passer and a better runner. The defense is solid, too, with All-MAC End Mel Tucker to lead it.

Ohio has 16 returning starters, including a good aerial act in Quarterback Cleve Bryant and Split End Todd Snyder, and Coach Bill Hless has filled the holes in his defense with capable players. At Miami, Coach Bo Schlembecker, who likes to grind out his yardage, has the runners for it in Quarterback Kent Thompson, Tailback Bobby Glover and Fullback Don Wade, and his defensive line, led by Tackle Ken Root, is the best in the league.

The rest of the MAC will be busy chasing the leaders. Bowling Green, under new Coach Don Nehlen, has problems in the offensive line while Western Michigan and Kent State both are faced with breaking in rookie quarterbacks. Perry Moss, the new man at Marshall, has brought in a number of junior college transfers but the Thundering Herd is still mostly pett-pat.

## BIG TEN

Almost everybody in the Big Ten is convinced that the conference championship will be settled as early as October 12 when Purdue and Ohio State meet in Columbus. Everybody, that is, but Indiana, the third Big Ten team in the Top 20, and Minnesota. The Gophers, 8-2 last season and co-champions with Purdue and Indiana, are not about to surrender easily. They have All-America End Bob Sten back to lead a characteristically tight defense, and they hope Quarterback Phil Hagen and Fullback Jim Carter, the team's leading rusher, can generate sufficient offense. The main concern is that the squad is thin—and the schedule is thick, beginning with USC.

Michigan State comes off a jolting 3-7 season with an understandable chance for improvement. The Spartan defense seems strong, and Coach Duffy Daugherty figures his new attackers can't possibly be as bad as last year's ineffective bunch. Senior Bill Ferenc, a decent passer, is the new quarterback, and Tailback LaMarr Thomas and Fullback Reggie Cawender are good runners. Ouffy also has history on his side. Twice before he has followed losing seasons with Rose Bowl teams.

Michigan and Illinois are not likely to be in the race, but they may have something to say about who wins it. Michigan's strength is in its good backs. Quarterback Dennis Brown passed for 913 yards, and Halfback Ron Johnson ran for 1,005. The Illini have Quarterback Bob Napone and Fullback Rick Johnson returning, along with a small but sturdy defense. Iowa and Wisconsin will be somewhat improved, but pity poor Northwestern. The Wildcats play Miami, USC, Purdue, Notre Dame and Ohio State in their first five games. There will be a battle not for victory, but for survival.

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## BIG EIGHT

Football at Colorado is different. At one scrimmage the weather is rain, hail, snow and bright sun. The team training table and lounge is in a women's dorm. The whole backfield skis. Split End Monte Huber, who caught 45 passes last season, badly bruised his shoulder diving into a swimming pool. Coach Eddie Crowder directs practice in a simple Panama hat. Quarterback Bob Anderson is a bowlegged marriage adol who studies Russian II and modern drama and leads the team in, of all things, rushing. There were 22 serious knee injuries in 1987, which makes Colorado different, too. In part because of injuries, the Buffs do not rank with Oklahoma, Nebraska or Kansas, but the recovery of Fullback Tom Nagbor and Tackle Mike Minter could change that, for the rebuilt Colorado defense looks good.

For years Missouri's president and governor watched games from the worst place possible—the bleachers. Whoever put them there had football confused with musical comedy. Changes have been made. From new seats in row 80, dignitaries will see I formation passes by Terry McMillian augment the famed Missouri sweeps, as Dan Devine finally has come up with some offensive potential to aid his always excellent defense.

Dour Phil Cutchin has a bear trap of a team at Oklahoma State. With sophomores like Halfback Bub Decaturwater and Tackle Gary Burd, plus Fullback Jack Reynolds and Linebacker Larry Gosney, the Cowboys will stage at least one ambush. "Never before had I had kids quit on me," Kansas State Coach Vince Gibson says of last season. He may start 17 or 18 newcomers, led by Ends Mack Herron and Mike Montgomery and Tailback Russell Harrison. Iowa State is still struggling in a conference where everybody seems to keep improving.

## MISSOURI VALLEY

For a long time the Missouri Valley was a league where the young man with the heart and the moves wound up with a basketball in his hands. Then somebody discovered that a 40-yard pass was as exciting to throw as a 40-foot jump shot, and now almost every football team in the league has a passer and a wide-open offense every team, that is, except the likely winner, Memphis State. The Tigers, newcomers to the conference, have been bruised and beaten but also toughened by years of play against SEC teams. They hope to win now in the old SEC way—keep the ball when it's yours and take it away when the other team has it. The Tiger defense will be built around three men who have played together for two years, Monster Man Bill McKnight and Linebackers Joe Rushing and Art Brumit.

When Tulsa Coach Glenn Dobbs warned he was going to pass more than ever this year, Memphis State Coach Billy Murphy said, "The only way he could do that would be if the officials gave him more downs." Mike Stripling and Dobbs's youngest son, Johnny, will try to throw Tulsa to a championship. Asked who was the one player they most feared last year, almost every Valley coach named Steve Ramsey, the gingly North Texas State quarterback who threw 21 touchdown passes—13 of them to Ronnie Shanklin. With this pair back, North Texas is the league's best long shot. Cincinnati's Homer Rice is rebuilding the Bearcats around a fine runner, Tailback Lloyd Pace. Eddie Krawiec, who replaced Boyd Converse at Wichita State, is coming primarily on John Beeson, a good sophomore passer. Louisville had difficulty banning the bomb last year, but this season the Cardinals are looking to sophomore Oscar Brehm to set off a few himself.

## SOUTHWEST

It is not easy to look past Texas and Texas A&M and that big game they play on Thanksgiving Day that ought to decide the conference title, but then it wasn't easy to look at A&M last season and say, "Ah, there's the new league champion." A check of this year's prospective also-rans in the SWC begins with TCU. The Horned Frogs have 15 of their top 22 back, plus a starting transfer end named Lanny Cole. To this is added a confident attitude gained from winning four of the final five games last season. Two big men in the backfield, Ross Montgomery and Norman Bullock, can run with most and over many. And already the pro scouts are excited about a junior guard, 6' 3", 230-pound James Ray. With the right start, TCU might get by without the passing attack it does not have.

Arkansas is certain it will have the paving in the form of Bill Montgomery, a sophomore who will be working out of a new pro-style offense. Fast runners and the alert Arkansas defense are already on hand, and Coach Frank Broyles is not likely to allow the Razorbacks to fall off to 4-5-1 again. Nor is quarterback a problem at Rice. Robby Shelton is well, and he is much feared on the keeper play. Behind him is sophomore Larry Caldwell, who will also be used as a tailback. Split End Larry Davis and Tackle Leland Winston give Rice two more outstanding players.

Sparkling individuals are scattered through the rest of the SWC, too, though their teams have limited hopes. Texas Tech has Fullback Jackie Stewart, SMU still has Flanker Jerry Lewis, and Baylor has Tackle Rich and Stevens. Each of these teams looks improved. Last year the SWC showed up badly against outside competition, but now it has a strong new look from top to bottom.



## WESTERN

Last fall's race by Western Athletic Conference teams ended, typically enough, with Wyoming, Arizona State and member-elect Texas at El Paso bunched so closely at the top a red's handkerchief might have covered all three. Wyoming and UTEP both went to bowls, and Arizona State thought it should have. This year looks like ASU's turn, seventeen starters are back, including three All-WAC performers—center George Hummer, Linebacker Ron Pritchard and Defensive Back Wes Plummer—but Coach Frank Kush, who would be gloomy if he ran the Green Bay Packers, reserves the right to be pessimistic. "Having all these veterans," he groans, "could be a real disadvantage if complacency set in."

At UTEP, Brooks Denson steps in for Billy Stevens, the record-breaking passer, and he can start showing immediately to his blaring flanker, Volly Murphy. This year UTEP should have a good running game, too, which, combined with a veteran defense, opens up title possibilities. Brigham Young has two quarterbacks, Marc Lyons and Terry Sanford, and a schedule that brings three WAC favorites to Provo, which makes BYU a dark-horse threat. Wyoming, which won 10 straight and almost beat LSU in the Sugar Bowl, needs a quarterback. Unless Ed Synakowski or Skip Jacobson comes through, the Cowboys are through. In Coach Darrell Mudra's first year, Arizona wanted too fast. Now the Wildcats are leaner and a little better.

"We could be competitive in one-planeton football," says Utah's Bill Meek, meaning he has only 11 good players. It's a rebuilding year for New Mexico and its recently hired coach, Rudy Feldman. Colorado State, another new WAC member, has 61 new players and a new stadium—but that's all.

## PACIFIC EIGHT

The usually staid Stanford campus has been rocked lately by some very unconventional happenings, such as a topless dancer running for president of the student body. She won the preliminary but, alas, never had a chance in the showdown. Also without a chance in any showdown against USC, Oregon State or UCLA for the Pacific Eight title is the Stanford football team, but, like the stripper, it can try. What the Indians have to display is most of last year's defense, plus the running of Halfback Nate Kirtman and Quarterback Jim Plunkett, a redshirt, throwing to Flanker Gene Washington.

Whether or not California and Washington can challenge Stanford depends upon how their morale has been affected by their racial problems of last winter and spring. Both have since appointed Negro assistant coaches, and Cal has operated an excellent summer program utilizing its black athletes. Cal Coach Ray Wilkey has 17 starters back, and Quarterback Randy Humphries, Halfback Paul Williams and Fullback John McGuffie are capable of making the offense move. The defense, headed by 250-pound Guard Ed White, is sound.

At Washington, Coach Jim Owens has tried to stir up his unproductive offense by scrapping last year's double flankers, moving Flanker Jim Cope to running back and replacing Quarterback Tom Manke with senior Jerry Kaloper, who is a better passer. Owens' most effective weapon, however, may be the AstroTurf that has been installed in the Huskies' stadium.

About the best Oregon and Washington State can hope for is to avoid last place. Oregon is looking to its sophomores, and WSU has a new coach, Jim Sweeney, who has brought a fresh camaraderie and enthusiasm to Pullman, if not a winner just yet.

## THE INDEPENDENTS

There was a time when it was rare for an independent to make it to a bowl game. There was a time when, except for Notre Dame, Syracuse in 1959 and those wartime Army teams, few independents ever came close to No. 1. Yes, there was such a time. But no more. Of late the independents have gained enormously in both affluence and influence, and this year no fewer than five of them—Notre Dame, Penn State, Florida State, Miami and Army—have made the Top 20. Before the season is over, some more may well taste glory, too.

Perhaps the best of them is Houston. Normally, any team that loses three All-Americans and its quarterback should have to spend a year regrouping. But Coach Bill Yeaman has so much talent available that he will hardly miss Halfback Warren McVie, Split End Ken Hebert, Guard Rich Steiner or Quarterback Dick Woodall. The Cougars' high-powered offense, which led the nation the past two seasons, should be as explosive as ever with Ken Bailey, a better passer than Woodall, at quarterback and Paul Gipson returning at fullback. Gipson, who used to suffer frequent muscle tears, has improved both his health and his style since he enrolled in a dancing class by mistake and began practicing ballet. "I learned how to control my body," he says. "My coordination is better and my balance has improved." Gipson is no Nureyev, but in 1987 he tipped through opposing defenses for 1,100 yards and 11 touchdowns. The defense is good, too, with Tackle Jerry Gardner and End Jerry Drones the keystones of a solid front line. Houston plays Texas on September 21, and Texas will be tested.

Another strong independent is Syracuse, even though it is without a famous runner for the first time in almost a generation.

continued



now that All-America Fullback Larry Conka has departed. Al Newton, a 230-pound sophomore, is in the Conka mold although he has much to learn. "He's not the fancy type," says Coach Ben Schwartzwalder, "just a solid citizen of a runner." But, for once, Syracuse may have a passing threat. Junior Quarterback Paul Paulino showed surprising proficiency at throwing the ball in the spring game when he completed 21 of 30 for 258 yards and three touchdowns. The Syracuse defense, second-best in the country a year ago, looks strong again with 242-pound Tackle Art Thomas the big man up front and Safety Tony Kyzyk leading the pass defense. The Orange should squeak out more than enough victories to extend Schwartzwalder's streak of 18 years without a losing season.

Next comes West Virginia, which dropped out of the Southern Conference to go it alone as an independent. Coach Jim Carlen finished recently when Penn State's Joe Paterno predicted in a banquet speech that the rebuilding Mountaineers would be 8-2. But the truth is they could be, even with as many as 11 sophomores in the starting lineup. Dale Farley, a 230-pound end, will help a defense that already has a fine middle guard in Carl Crennel. Fullback Bob Grosham and Fullback Jim Braxton are the brightest of the rookies on offense. And if West Virginia cannot win any other way, there is a soccer-style kicker, Ken Juskowich, who made 12 field goals last year, five of them in one game against Pitt.

Utah State, a pleasant 7-2-1 surprise under new Coach Chuck Mills last year, should do nearly as well again despite the loss of All-America Tackle Bill Staley and Fullback Mac Lane. The Aggies have Quarterback John Pappas, who threw for 1,424 yards and 12 touchdowns, and Tailback Alkie Taylor. Mills has brought in 26 JC transfers, and one of them, 260-pound Tackle Mick Workman, will lead a defensive front four that averages 250 pounds.

Southern Mississippi Coach Thad (Pat) Vann, now in his 20th year, rarely has a loser, and he should not have one this year, even with Alabama and Ole Miss on the schedule. He has three of his starting backfield returning, including Quarterback Tommy Boutwell. The defense, nicknamed the Vandals, is mostly intact, too. It will be led by Rex Barnes, a 250-pound middle guard. West Texas State had one of the best offenses—and worst defenses—teams in college football in 1967. The results of its games read like old-time basketball scores: 44-27, 37-27, 35-26. What saved a 7-3 record for the Buffaloes was their offense. The man to watch is Eugene (Mercury) Morris, a very fast halfback who rushed for 1,274 yards, second only to USC's D. J. Simpson. Mercury Morris had a good spring, and Coach Joe Kerbel says, "If he gets any

better, he'll belong in another world." Most of last year's nondeserters are gone and the new group looks stronger, so it should be a better world all-round for West Texas.

New Mexico State, which always lived off its offense under retired Coach Warren Woodson, will have to look to the defense to carry it under new Coach Jim Woods. Quarterback Sal Olivas, who was No. 1 in the country in total offense, and Fullback Doug Dalton, who rushed for 1,132 yards, are both gone. But the defense, led by 280-pound Tackle Ruby Jackson and 245-pound End Bill Ackman, should assure New Mexico State of another winning season. The picture is also bright at Xavier, where the Musketeers have 16 starters back, among them Quarterback Jerry Buckmaster and Halfback Bill Waller. John Shumers, a 245-pound guard, is a solid pro prospect. Dayton suffered some major losses, but the Flyers still have Quarterback Jerry Bebuyck and a strong defensive line. They will not be too far off last year's 6-3-1 record.

If only half the wishful thinking at Pitt materializes, the Panthers will be sensational. In fact, after two 1-9 seasons, it won't take much to seem sensational—especially since Pitt has to play its usual formidable schedule. Coach Dave Hart, who spends his leisure hours prospecting in the Western Pennsylvania coal regions, has done some hard recruiting, so hard that opposing coaches are grumbling. But the result is a group of sophomores who may help the Panthers win three or four games. Linebackers Ralph Cindrich and Lloyd Weston are outstanding, while Danny Ferris, a speedy tailback, will spruce up the offense. But Hart must find a quarterback, or Pitt will find itself waiting for next year. As usual.

Joining Pitt in the category of Eastern independents with high hopes but rather low promise for success are Navy and Boston College. The Midlows need a quarterback since John Cartwright, who passed for 1,573 yards, is gone. But that does not seem to bother Coach Bill Elias, a bubbling enthusiast who insists, "Your passing will be better." He is optimistic, indeed, for Cartwright's potential replacements, Bob Paensta, a 1967 joyce, and Mike McAllen, a sophomore, are totally inexperienced. It is likely, though, that Elias will field a strong ground attack led by Halfbacks Eric Bably and Roland Laureano. Boston College, after some lean years, hopes to get back into contention under new Coach Joe Yukica. He plans to open up the BC attack and he has the players for it in Quarterback Mike Fallon and Halfbacks Dave Bennett and Fred Willis, a sophomore. But Yukica must plug some gaps in both interior lines.

Virginia Tech Coach Jerry Claiborne has Quarterback Al Kincaid and the rest of the backfield returning, but he is worried about a defense that is missing seven starters. He

also would be happier if he did not have to open the season against Alabama and his old boss, Bear Bryant. The Bear has a way of clobbering friends. At Georgia Tech, Coach Bud Carson shuffled his coaching staff after last year's 4-6 disaster. He brought in three new assistants and switched 20 others to new assignments, but not even that will help Tech, for the schedule is too demanding. What Carson needs is more players to help Flanker John Sims and Linebacker Eric Wilcox. "If the alumni ask questions," says Carson, "I can stack excuses as high as their complaints." Tulane's Jim Pittman is in the same fix. His team is improving, but it faces Houston, Texas A&M and Florida in its first four games. Six sophomores will be starting, but perhaps Fullback Warren Bunkston can keep the Green Wave from being inundated.

Buffalo, striving mightily to go big time, may be the best of the lesser independents in the East. Not many teams will take liberties with the Bulls' defense, which features 250-pound Tackle Don Walgate and Mike Lantz, an alert linebacker. But much will depend on the health of Quarterback Mick Murtha, who has had bursts problems with his throwing arm. Colgate, 2-8 last year, has a new coach, Ned Wheelwright, who took over when Hal Lahar moved up to athletic director, and it looks like a good year to step in. Almost everybody returns from '67, including Quarterback Ron Burton and a number of large, mobile linemen. Rutgers figures to be improved, too, especially on offense where Quarterback Bruce Van Ness is in shape again after a shoulder operation and Tailback Bryant Mitchell is available to lead the running attack. But Coach John Bateman's defense is questionable. Holy Cross has a good passing combination in left-handed Quarterback Phil O'Neil and Split End Bob Neary. The team will score, but a rebuilt defense may have trouble keeping Holy Cross ahead. About the best Villanova can hope for is to stave off humiliation every week. The Wildcats were picked clean by graduation.

Out West, neither Pacific nor San Jose State is likely to rattle its opponents. Only 10 lettermen return at Pacific, and Coach Doug Scovil has taken the quick route to fill the holes by bringing in 35 JC transfers. San Jose lost Quarterback Danny Holman, and he was about all the Spartans had last year when they were 2-7. Air Force could score a few favorites. The Falcons are long on quarterbacks—Steve Turner and Gary Baxter are both back—and have two swift sophomores, Tailback Curtis Martin and Flanker Ernest Jennings. But the defense is ordinary, except for Tackle Ed Epping. "You won't find another tackle anywhere as tough or as mean," says Coach Ben Martin, who will turn mean himself if the Falcons don't better last year's 2-6-2 record.



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# THE SMALL COLLEGES



Occasionally, from his vantage point in Row 22 about 12 blocks up, and away from the distant field, the average fan of a major university team will lower his binoculars to rest his eyes. Encompassing him will be the thunder of a crowd that is only half the size of the population of Monaco and stretches around a stadium that cost twice as much as the gross national products of Ethiopia, Ghana and Nicaragua combined. Although he is proud of the prosperous industry that football has become at his university, the fan may allow himself a momentary daydream. The place of his dream is named something gentle like Wistaria College, and it sits at the edge of a village hemmed by corn and oats. There, the quarterback greets even homely girls by name, the coach runs a root-beer stand at the summer and the split end is the janitor's son. Ah, Wistaria, where simplicity reigns and serenity is the scene.

There is still a trace of Wistaria football to be found in America, and if there is none of it is such technically "small college" giants as San Diego State, read on anyway to discover Goose Guice and to check the prospects of some teams that at least offer the illusion of sport at pasture's edge.

## SAN DIEGO STATE

Here is what can happen when a sprig of shy Wistaria is transplanted to the fount climate of California. When San Diego State first took seed in 1897 there were 115 students on a cozy, sunny little campus up on Montezuma Mesa. The sun is there still, but the coyness is gone, for SDS has exploded into a sprawling urban some. It has 21,000 students, 1,600 faculty members, the

football team plays in 52,000-seat San Diego Stadium and seldom do fewer than 40,000 attend the games. Indeed, San Diego State is on the brink of declaring to the NCAA that it wants a major-league university-division standing. And it's about time the NCAA said yes, for finding San Diego listed in the *NCAA Guide* back there with Sul Ross State and Duquesne Baptist is humiliating for all.

Although SDS has its 25-game victory streak broken last year in a 31-25 loss to big-time Utah State, it consistently grinds to shreds some of the country's good little teams. For the last two years it has won the national small-college championship, and this year may be more of the same, because San Diego has an excellent team again. For one thing, Coach Don Coryell has come up with an outstanding junior-college transfer, Halfback Harry Benjamin, who last year broke D. J. Simpson's JC rushing record with 1,372 yards in 304 carries. Back from last season are Fullback Lloyd Edwards, who gained 442 yards for a 6.2 average, and speedy Tailback Mac Dillingham, who gained 366 yards and scored 42 points. Another JC transfer, Dennis Shaw, could be the Aztecs' best quarterback, but Coryell still has Thom Williams, who completed 57% of his passes for 945 yards, and Joe Turpen, who scrambled for 11 touchdowns from the quarterback spot.

The middle of the Aztec offensive line is not overly impressive although Guard Paul Daniels offers a good anchor, and the defense will require some transfusions, but it has a sound nucleus in Linebackers Jeff Lancaster and Doug Fisher, Cornerback Nate Wright, Tackle Dick Weber and End Fred Dryer.

Already the talk on Montezuma Mesa is of another national title. If a championship is not forthcoming, the reason will probably be the Aztecs' schedule, which now includes three university-division teams, San Jose, Southern Mississippi and Utah State. San Diego may not emerge unbeaten from that competition, but it certainly won't wind up as a trampled scrap of Wistaria either.

## WITTENBERG

A picturesque little Lutheran school set on an oval knoll in Springfield, Ohio, Wittenberg is so archetypal of the ideal small college that the USIA used it for a movie about American education. Certainly it has all the elements that Hollywood might demand for a scene of collegiate tradition—Gothic-Midwestern architecture, a Kissing Bridge, freshmen noses painted green each fall, a surplus of yummy coeds and a perpetually cherished trophy, a stained Indian skull dug up from the football field of its oldest rival, Ohio Wesleyan. It even has a Mighty Mentor of Manly Sports in Bill Edwards, the only man to be twice awarded the title of Small College Coach of the Year.

However, even in such a set piece of Americana, things change. For instance, Bill Edwards began talking about retirement a couple of years ago but, as he puts it, "I bought a new car and I couldn't afford to quit then." Now rumors of Edwards' retirement are around again, but so are rumors that he has been seen at a local auto agency.

So powerful have Edwards' teams been in the 14-team Ohio Conference that only five conference members are willing to schedule Wittenberg. During the past eight years no one in college football has matched

*continued*

Edwards' 63-6-1 record, which included a 30-game winning streak between 1962 and 1965. To be sure, Wittenberg has its problems this year. The league's top quarterback is gone, along with a receiver known as the Living End and several fine backs. But Bill Edwards is all smiles.

Quarterback problems? Rocky Alt appeared only briefly last year, yet hit 17 of 33 passes for 303 yards and five touchdowns. Fine backs missing? In 1967 Fullback Jim Justice rushed for 438 yards, 300 of them in the last three games. No Living End? Maybe not, but Split End Ray Ward is far from dead. Beyond that, the offensive line will be the biggest in years (though averaging only 205 pounds). As for the defense, End Jim Feltz, Linebacker Bruce Borland and Middle Guard Tim Hunter are back from a unit that ranked ninth in the nation last year by holding its opponents to 166 yards per game.

## EASTERN KENTUCKY

"What is Eastern Kentucky?" Well, Eastern Kentucky is a 220-pound guard named Fred Tronke who paints abstract art, sleeps on the floor and likes to report for practice wearing nothing but coveralls and a cowboy hat. Eastern Kentucky is Ron Reed, a 205-pound linebacker who has led the team in tackles for two years and, like 10 of the team's 22 best players, got his start by one day wandering into Coach Roy Kidd's office and politely asking permission to try out for football. Eastern Kentucky is Teddy Taylor, a 195-pound middle guard who once lived in cabins with dirt floors but now lives in enemy backfields. In last year's Grantland Rice Bowl game he stole a Ball State handoff and ran 39 yards for a touchdown. It is also a linebacker named Paul Hampton from Belfry, Ky., who leads a ringing locker-room chorus of *Cat on the Hat* after every victory. And it is John (Twiggy) Tazell, a 6', 165-pound flanker who grabbed 11 passes in that Rice Bowl game.

But mostly, Eastern Kentucky is the arm of one Jim (Goose) Guice, an invaluable quarterback whom Colonel blockers protect with zeal. "Jim ain't the kind who throws every time, so he doesn't get as much recognition as some others," Coach Kidd apologizes. Who is Kidd kidding? The golden Guice has been honorable-mention Little All-America twice and he has passed for two miles at a completion rate of 54.2%.

Eastern Kentucky had not really heard of Guice until the first game of his first year. He was sent in as a fourth-quarter desperation substitution with Eastern trailing Austin Peay 21-7. In that one quarter he completed 10 passes for 162 yards, three touchdowns and a stimulating 35-30 Eastern Kentucky victory.

So that's what Eastern Kentucky is, a ter-

terdemulation of walk-ons and country boys who leaped from a 2-8 record in 1963 to 8-1-2 last year. It's nobody at all, just a team that lost only three players from 1967. Just a team that the folks around Richmond, Ky. are betting on for a small college championship. Just a team that is silly as a Guice.

## NORTH DAKOTA STATE

There is nothing out-of-date in Fargo these days, at least not on the campus of North Dakota State. The girls have no dormitory curfews, and there are plenty of antiwar protests to make headlines in the *Fargo Forum*. No, no one is far ahead of North Dakota State except in one way. The school has been outprogressed by that celebrated non-small college, San Diego State. In 1966, the Bison of SDS were unbeaten until they played the Aztecs and were ritually slaughtered 36-0. Last year they won't do not schedule SDS. They outscored their opposition 353-98, led the nation in rushing with 299.6 yards a game, wound up 9-0 for the season and still finished second to San Diego in the rankings.

But now SDS has a chance for a timely move. Again it does not play San Diego, and, given the toughness of the Aztecs' schedule, there are hopes for No. 1 in North Dakota. Back from '67 is a splendid crew of veterans. On offense is Halfback Tim Mjos (pronounced Meas), who rushed for 945 yards and 13 touchdowns. Fullback Jack Hagen, who picked up 553 yards in total offense, and Halfback Paul Hatcher, who averaged 6.3 yards for 46 carries. Quarterback Terry Hanson is gone, but Bison Coach Ron Erhardt feels either Bruce Grasmoke or Joe Cichy will do. The defense is wicked-looking, too, particularly with gigantic Mike Berds, 6' 5", 290 pounds, and Terry Nowinsky, 235, at the tackles. Safety Del Gehrett, who intercepted five passes and returned three for touchdowns, also returns. And best of them all will be 235-pound Jim Ferguson, who might make Little All-America at defensive end, or middle guard, or linebacker, or . . . well, anywhere, that might raise SDS over SDS.

## GRAMBLING

Out in the powdered clay dust of north central Louisiana, in one of the three all-Negro towns in America, Coach Eddie G. Robinson of Grambling College is at work, as usual, building professional football players. Already he has sent nearly 50 men into the armies of the AFL and NFL, but this year he may have something new to offer—the first really for-sure Negro pro quarterback. His name is James Harris. He stands 6' 4", weighs 210 pounds and passed last season for 1,346 yards and 17 touchdowns.

Grambling has the talent to match last

season's 9-1 effort. Flanker Charlie Joiner, who caught 36 Harris passes, is back, along with Fullback Henry Jones and Tackle Richard Lee, who is a mere 6' 4" and 265 pounds, which is not outsize for Grambling linemen. Eddie Robinson has always joked that he does not have uniforms to fit men under 250. Some joke: Grambling's best defensive guard this year is John Gee at 265, and the tackles are Clifford Gasper, a 285-pounder, and a still-growing sophomore named Benne Taylor who is 6' 8" and tips—or crushes—the scales at 325. George Muse, a 220-pound linebacker, is a comparative midget, but he may be the best.

In an average year Grambling competes before a total of 75,000 fans. But on September 28 it will nearly equal a whole season's draw when it meets Morgan State, which is defending a 26-game win streak, in 67,000-seat Yankee Stadium. That day alone will make this a big year for Grambling.

## . . . AND THE REST

When some 500 small colleges play in 66 leagues of widely divergent strength, there is little basis for real comparison—even after a season. But here are a few that should rate among the best come December:

Morgan State, with its big day in Yankee Stadium, will defend its undefeated streak with veteran Halfback John Fuqua—one of the CIAA's finest—and untested Quarterback Charles Harrison. Texas in Arlington, which was 10-1 in '67, has 45 starters back, including Quarterback Mike Baylor, who gained 1,561 yards. Northeast Louisiana's Coach Dixie White used to say, "We'll be gracious in defeat and humble in victory. We have been gracious." After two 7-3 seasons, Dixie expects a real humbling year. Ball State of Indiana will again be led by Halfback Amos VanPelt, who got 1,638 yards and 116 points in two years, and that alone is enough to make the Cardinals dangerous. Lamar Tech, Tennessee State, North Dakota University and Prairie View also warrant attention.

Tony Fairmont State, deep in the West Virginia hills, Waynesburg College, a Presbyterian school in Pennsylvania's mining country, and Eastern Washington are the best of the NAIA, which is made up of schools that play football consistently in the Western mold. Fairmont's excellent quarterback offense could give Harold Duval an unbeaten season. The major obstacle is Waynesburg, which has Joe Righetti, a 270-lb. All-NAIA middle guard. Eastern Washington's star is Quarterback Bill Dieck, who has thrown for 1,995 yards and 25 touchdowns. Dieck symbolizes the heroes of Wistiana everywhere. Says Coach Brent Wooten: "When scouts ask about Bill, and I let have, we tell them he's the best 3' 7" prospect in the world." And he is.

*CONTINUE*





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# SOME NEW NAMES TO WATCH FOR

Of all the unvarying verities in the universe of college football, none is so rigid as the rule that no star may shine for more than three seasons. Yet, brief though this time is, few players manage to be in the spotlight more than a year or two. It takes them a year, that sophomore year, to attune their talents to the college game, to fit into their team, to take the place that their natural abilities merit. But there are always a few exciting ones who have it, whatever it may be, right from the beginning. Coaches can sense when it is there, and few things please them as much as the discovery of a sophomore who promises to be a success for a glorious (and useful) three-year span. Here are this season's best.

## RALPH CINDRICH—PITT



There is a certain group at Pitt that has harbored high expectations for Ralph Cindrich. As a freshman wrestler last year, Cindrich, who is 6' 2" and weighs 232, won 13 of his matches and lost only one. That's

the stuff that NCAA wrestling champions are made of. Hoorary for Cindrich. All of which is fine, but Football Coach Dave Hart is a wrestling buff, too, at least when the wrestling is being done by the best linebacking prospect Pitt has had in years. "He has the finest leadership qualities I've seen in any kid," says Hart, who already has sophomore Cindrich calling the team's defensive signals. Pitt's wrestler is from the coal town of Avella, where he earned a rating as one of Pennsylvania's top two high school linemen. (The other was a Pittsburgh boy, Lloyd Weston, who is also at Pitt and also a linebacker.) After ruffling through a stack of scholarship offers, Cindrich decided to stay near home. "I thought if you're going to make a name for yourself, it's best to do it here rather than at Georgia or Michigan State or Purdue. And I have confidence in Coach Hart. I also think he liked the hot sausage my Mom served him." Cindrich has already had one touch of national fame. In 1966, in the annual game that matched Pennsylvania's best high schoolers against a Texas all-star squad, he made more than 40% of his team's tackles. Afterward, Texas Coach Bobby Layne called Cindrich "the best football player on the field."

## CHIP KELL—TENNESSEE

On the first day of practice last spring Coach Doug Dickey assigned sturdy Chip Kell, who is 6' and 228 pounds, to play offensive tackle. Kell was fine at the tackle spot, but there were troubles right from the start in the Tennessee offense where the replacement Dickey had planned on for All-America Center Bob Johnson was in difficulty. So Dickey asked Kell to show the coaching staff what he could do at center. Kell, who had played the position at his Decatur, Ga. high school, showed plenty, and he has been the heir apparent to Bob Johnson since. In fact, Line Coach Ray Trail says, "Kell has the potential to be better than Johnson." It was in his Decatur days that Kell caught the eye of Tennessee Track Coach Chick Rohe, who had seen him participate as a shot-putter as far back as his freshman year. Dickey did not notice Kell until a couple of seasons later, but he and Rohe eventually worked together to recruit him for Tennessee. This paid off for Rohe—at least for a while. Not only did Kell win the shotput title as a freshman at last winter's SEC track meet, he broke the conference record with a toss of 57' 5/4". That done, Kell quit spring track to concentrate on football, and if Rohe was displeased, it is nothing compared to the antipathy ahead for every middle guard who now will have to pit himself against the Tennessee center who was an offensive tackle for just one springtime afternoon in Knoxville.



## STEVE WORSTER—TEXAS

Just after Texas Coach Darrell Royal had finished a grueling recruiting campaign to woo Steve Worster (pronounced Wooster) away from 80 other colleges, someone asked him where he would play the young man. Without hesitation Royal replied, "He'll like that 400-pound gorilla; he'll play wherever he likes to play." It's a good line, but presents a bad image of Worster, who at 6' 1" and 207 pounds is more of a southbait than a monster. But he does like to play. So impressed was Royal with Worster's performance last spring that this was one reason Royal scrapped his 11 formation offense and rearranged things so that Worster, Fullback

Ted Koy, Tailback Chris Gilbert and Quarterback Bill Bradley could be in the backfield at the same time. Worster's high school record was impressive, even by Texas measurements. He gained 5,422 yards, scored 79 touchdowns and 38 extra points and made a high school All-America team. His debut as a Texas freshman came in a game against Baylor



last fall. Nothing much was expected of him, because he had been hospitalized shortly before the game with a high fever. Worster played, gained 182 yards and scored two touchdowns, one on a 53-yard run. Texas coaches are not given to wide-eyed accolades about their personnel, especially sophomores, but Worster is causing comment. Freshman Coach Bill Ellington recalls his changing impressions of Worster over the past year. "I had seen some films of him in high school, and I said on the basis of those that he was good but that I didn't think he could walk on water. Now? Well..."

## BOB NEWLAND—OREGON

Coach Jerry Frei of the University of Oregon can see no need to equivocate about Split End Bob Newland. "He will be Oregon's next All-America," says Frei. Newland has the size (6' 2", 191 pounds), the speed and, as Frei puts it, "the uncanny ability to change direction or turn quickly to catch a ball thrown behind him." All of these things are the normal attributes of an outstanding split end.



What Newland also has is a fever for contact. "He loves to block," says Frei. "Let's face it, some split ends are just catchers. They have more finesse than physical courage. Not this kid. He's not shy. He's tough." Although Newland was a hot prospect in high school, Oregon had little trouble convincing him to enroll, largely because he went to North Eugene, just across town from the university. There he was a district champion bus hurdler, a starting forward on a state championship basketball team and

an All-State end as a senior, when he caught 47 passes for seven touchdowns. Newland is expected to breathe some much needed life into the Oregon offense. On last year's freshman team, which did not do much passing, he caught 23 for 346 yards. With Newland around, the Oregon varsity is sure to do some passing.

#### JOHN RIGGINS—KANSAS

When John Riggins was still frolicking through his senior year at Centraha, Kan., rolling up 1,800 yards and 10 touchdowns, Don Fambrough, an assistant coach from Kansas, went down to take a look at him. Upon his return to Lawrence he told his

associates, "You wouldn't believe what I saw. He did everything but sell popcorn." Riggins did do everything, including being an honor student, playing tuba in the school marching band and strong boy in the orchestra. No

fewer than 100 college coaches believed what Fambrough saw, and Riggins was flooded with offers. But he had made up his mind years before. "I grew up wanting to play at Kansas," he said. "My brother was there, too [he is the starting tailback], and I wanted a chance to be on the team with him." At the moment the younger Riggins does not have the first-string tailback's job all to himself, largely because he missed spring practice with a dislocated shoulder. "But John will prove he is quite a football player," says Fambrough. Riggins certainly was in high school. His coach, Lenne Mohlman, recalls that in one game Riggins had already scored three touchdowns and Centraha had the ball back on its own eighty-yard line when Mohlman took Riggins out. "What'd you do that for, Coach?" said John. "I was just getting ready to make another touchdown."

These five sophomores all have superior pre-season promise, but there are many who could prove to be as noteworthy by the end of the season. Among them: Army Halfback Billy Hunter, Harvard Halfback Richie Searo, Florida Linebacker Mike Kelly, West Virginia Tailback Bob Gresham, Notre Dame Linebacker Tony Capers, Ohio State Quarterback Rex Kern, Purdue Defensive Tackle Alex Davis, Indiana Halfback Larry Highbaugh, Texas A&M Defensive End Mike DeNiro, Texas Linebacker Scott Henderson, Air Force Tailback Curtis Martin, UCLA Halfback Mickey Cureton and Lloyd Weston, that other good linebacker from Pittsburgh.

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As a jump-shooting star for the New York Knickerbockers during the '40s, part-time TV Sports-caster **Bud Palmer** missed out on today's huge bonuses and salaries. Now, as the city's official greeter, he finds things are even worse. "I'm theoretically a dollar-a-year man," he says, "but in my two years on the job I haven't received a dime. The city owes me two dollars." Palmer may get paid soon, since he is saving the city some money by putting a halt to the celebrating of special weeks, such as the recently proposed Pickle Week. "I happen to like pickles," he says, "but such silly productions only lower the city's prestige." Asked why he took the job, he replies that it's refreshing but admits that some mornings he looks in the mirror and shouts: "Hello, you refreshing sucker."

While members of the last-place Dodgers continue to lament the loss of **Sandy Kousser**, Manager **Walter Alston** maintains his religious faith in the promise of tomorrow's victories. Some of Alston's remarks on the subject, which originally appeared in the *Christian Science Monitor*, have been included in a booklet of special prayers distributed to synagogues around the country for use during the High Holy Days that start with the Jewish New Year on September 23. Alston had said that some ball-players spend "too much time talking about what happened

last year, or comparing this season with last. It's not only useless conversation, it's dangerous. Each spring I try to wipe my slate clean and start all over again [which is what Jews do on the New Year] and I think that the new spring is the most important in my life." Who knows what miracles Alston's faith may bring about? Maybe the return to action of a certain retired Jewish pitcher?

In two bloody matches in 1954 **Rocky Marciano** outfought **Ezzard Charles** and collected \$450,000. Now Charles is undergoing treatment at the Chicago Rehabilitation Center for lateral sclerosis, and Rocky is offering his services again, this time by donating a jeweled belt (worth \$10,000) that he won on radio's computerized "tournament of champions." "Ezzard gave me two of the toughest fights of my life," says Marciano. "I just wanted to do something for a man I tremendously respect." Marciano says Charles did not ask for assistance and isn't broke, but adds: "We boxers don't have any organization to turn to when the medical expenses get too high, and we just have to help each other."

◆ The plane in the picture is 3,000 feet above Kansas, and the goggled parachutist is that eternal be-man, **Burt Lancaster**, 54. The old grinder is filming a sky-diving epic called *Gypsy Moth*, and



though MGM won't let him make an actual jump, much to his chagrin, he does simulate a few from five-story heights. Once a trapeze artist and acrobat, Lancaster says fit with daily gym workouts and a three-mile early-morning jog while on location. He says he needs them to handle the strains of modern living. "We have moved out of the jungle," he says, "into a man-made jungle that is even more terrifying and demanding."

Back in 1946 **Dick Sider**, now the Cardinals' first-base coach, played winter ball in Havana, and he hit some good ones. He also visited Ernest Hemingway. When *The Old Man and the Sea* came out in 1952, the old man had this to say: "I think of Dick Sider and those great drives in the old park. There was nothing ever like him. He hits the longest ball I have ever seen." The boy who is the old man's companion in the book remarks that they had wanted to take Sider fishing, but were too timid to ask him. "I know," says the old man, "it was a great mistake. He might have gone with us. Then we would have had that for all our lives." This bit of relatively ancient literary (and baseball) history has come to

life for Sider in the last few days, apparently thanks to a mention of it in *The Sportsman*. Sider suddenly has had a burst of fan mail, a phenomenon seldom enjoyed by coaches—even those of league-leading clubs. Remembering, Sider says, "It was amazing how much of a national hero I was in Cuba. I couldn't go anywhere without lots of people following me around. My wife and I went to the opera one time, and they stopped the show when they saw us walk in."

◆ Like another famous Scandinavian, Olympic track immortal **Pavo Nurmi** always wanted to be let alone. Recently, though, speaking from and about the heart, the Flying Finn consented to be interviewed on television by President Urho Kekkonen, once the country's high-jump record holder. The subject was heart and circulatory disease. "I have often thought of those many Olympic winners who have, unknown to the world, died of these diseases," Nurmi said. Then he announced the donation of his considerable real-estate fortune to a foundation for research into the causes of the ailments. Nurmi himself has had a heart attack, but walked back to good health—one cure he is not likely to let his foundation dispute.

**Billy Haughton** really wanted to be a jockey, but he grew too fast. So he turned to sulky racing and last year won more money—\$3,300,000—than any driver in trotting's history. The other day, after capturing a few stakes at the Carlisle, Pa. country fair, he switched to riding again, this time on a polo pony. At the nearby farm of Max Hempel, president of The Hambletonian Society, Billy played in a pickup game. He flailed away vigorously with his mallet, but failed to score a goal. "There's more excitement in this than in driving horses," he said. "I just wish I could hit the ball harder."



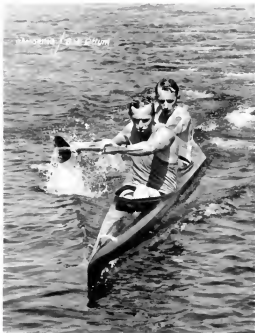


AP Wirephoto Taylor: Washington Redskins

## Charley Taylor gets an "energy edge" with Carnation Instant Breakfast

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BILLY BRAGG (BOW) AND BOB HARRIS MUSCLED THEIR KAYAK TO VICTORY IN TRIALS

## Olympians you never hear of

**They work as hard and suffer as much as the headline heroes, but the U.S. paddlers going to Mexico City labor in remarkable anonymity**

One of the best times Billy Bragg ever had was in Germany in 1966 when all those little kids swarmed around, asking for his autograph. They were thrusting notepooks and bits of paper under his nose, and there he was, signing away and smiling graciously, because the important thing was that they all had recognized him instantly. "In the United States," he says, recalling that other celebrity, Spiro T., uh, Spiro T., uh, Agnew, "my name is not exactly a household word."

But there are compensations. For one, nobody comes around to bother or distract American canoeists when they are at home. Indeed, there is a tendency for people to walk a couple of blocks out

of their way just to avoid hounding American canoeists. When canoeists stage a contest they are cheered along by crowds that could best be described as intimate. And when they go to the Olympics, the U.S. team ranks far enough down the list to be left alone.

"You would think," Bragg said, "that since canoeing is a North American thing—what with the Indians and the Eskimos—that we would be the best in the world. But we are not."

He frowned earnestly, standing beside his partner, Robert Harris, both of them blond and presentable, dressed in shorts, sneakers and layers of muscles. All around them, in the waters of Long Beach Marine Stadium, similar forgotten

Americans were working out with canoes and kayaks while California generally looked the other way. All this was part of the process of picking 12 strong men and four—well, kind of strong—women to represent the U.S. in the Olympics in Mexico City, where the competitors will all paddle down that big trench recently dug at Xochimilco, just outside town. "At least there are more canoeists trying out this time," Bragg said. "In 1964 when we staged the trials only 15 guys showed up for the singles. This time there are 30."

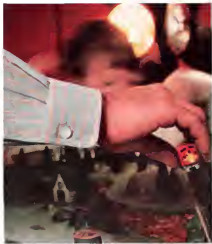
Still, for all the noble heritage of red men and Hawaiians and those Eskimos, it was clear that the U.S. may not be quite ready to win its own sport back. And for all the awards they have won—the kind of thing that gets them instant recognition in Europe—Bragg and Harris are typical of the lonely men trying to drag canoeing up into prominence.

There are all sorts of handicaps. Foremost is the fact that the sleek eight-oared shells get whatever glory and publicity there is. There is even reason to suspect that a winning crew is made up of seven oarsmen, a coxswain and one press agent. But there is, too, the unhappy truth that competitive canoeing sounds pretty remote from the battles men have fought against white water.

This is unfortunate, because canoe racing is a frantic, powerful sport that more people ought to watch. Eight oarsmen pulling a shell in mechanical unison is fine, but there is nothing quite like the frenzied look of Bragg and Harris in their kayak—swinging double-bladed paddles in a wild spray of water and going to beat hell in a fragile 36-pound craft that they can barely keep upright. The 26-pound singles are the same way. One veteran crewman who switched from rowing shells to propelling kayaks said, "Going fast is not the problem. It took me the first six months to learn to keep the damn thing right side up."

The idea in kayaks is to churn along at full blast: something nice in, say, 120 single strokes a minute will do. You go about 10 miles an hour, which on water is a great deal faster than it sounds. There are seven Olympic events in the singles and doubles, which means, counting individual paddlers, that the Olympic survivors are going to stagger away from

continued



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ground colors of pewter, kelly green or blue; all with contrasting two-tone stripings. It's called: Caravan Striped Oxford. About \$8.90 at discerning stores everywhere.

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the whole thing with 13 gold medals.

"That is why," said Harris, "the smaller nations and the Eastern Europeans compete so much harder than we do in canoeing—because they can add to their overall medal totals by concentrating on a so-called minor sport. What difference does it make, for example, if we beat Russia in track and field if Russia sweeps the canoeing and builds its overall medal count over ours?"

Harris and Bragg and a few other well-muscled athletes are determined to stamp out that sort of nonsense as soon as possible. If not at this Olympics, well, then in 1972. Canoeists take the long view. Harris is only 30 now, and Bragg is 31, in a sport where nobody is a contender until he has a few gray hairs and his age lines around his eyes, and they have been collecting titles for years. Pan-American champions in two-man kayak in 1967, national champs at both 1,000 and 10,000 meters in 1968; three North American titles. Things like that.

But in 1966 they went against the world in East Berlin where about the nicest thing that happened (they finished ninth) was all those kids asking for Bragg's autograph. "I told Harris then," he said, "that I had better sign them while I could because after the meet nobody would want one."

Now the unsung canoeists of '68 have their paddling cut out for them. Russia that nation with the great facility for collecting medals in minor sports, is perhaps the best in canoeing. There are others on about the same level: Hungary, Rumania, East Germany, the Scandinavians and then ranked about fifth or sixth, the U.S.

Still, the sport is consistently, if quietly, growing in this country. Bragg got into it in 1961 after winning a paddleboard contest. When someone suggested he try kayaks, it took him several months to even find one. Nowadays, hundreds of kids in California are beginning to flip over the sport—the canoes and kay-

aks look pretty nice, like psychobills, two pedoes—and the city of Long Beach, which may be America's most progressive boat-crazy community, recently bought 28 small shells to get kids interested in canoeing along the water.

Even so, Bragg and Harris are the first to point out that getting the sport to where it belongs won't be easy. They both paddle about six miles each morning and eight miles each evening, and they say that any canoeist worth his investment also will do a spate of running to build up his wind. In brief, there is a lot of work, and the results in the Olympics may not seem commensurate. Bragg is philosophical.

"There is always the possibility," he says, "that if I don't make it in canoeing at Mexico, I may decide to run against Jim Ryun."

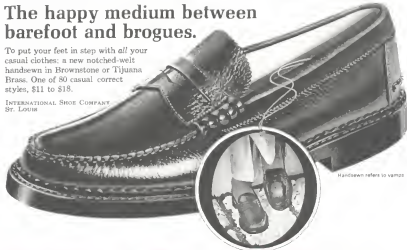
"Tell you what," said Harris, "I'll run Ryun at 1,900 meters on the track if Jim will get into a kayak and race me at 1,000 on the water."

END

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Handsewn refers to vamp

# Trujuns

THE SATURDAY SHOE

## *Sportswear takes a plunge in the stock market*

PHOTOGRAPH BY OTTNER (LEFT); ADRIANO



Every fall sportswear borrows some fashion from the rich realm of classic riding attire. Last year it was harness hardware. Before that it was the hard hat and the riding raincoat. This season it's the looped-over neckpiece called a stock. The riding stock worn by Marvin Van Rapoport, saddling up his champion gelding Spindletop Please Note (right), has been part of a huntsman's kut since the 18th century. It not only dresses up



ALISON ATWOOD (left) wears a stock-tied cashmere sweater by Hadley with her tweed hacking jacket. The silk twill stock shirt she wears above is by Sant'Adamo and the pinstriped cotton shirt below is from Giant for Women



the neck of a man in hunting pinks but is meant to double as a bandage in case of an accident—to man or horse—in the field.

Fashion's fling with the stock is much less pragmatic. Versions in gingham or cashmere, ruffled or plain, as shown here at All-Around Farms, Gwynedd Valley, Pa., replace the turtleneck as the thing to wear now with suits, slacks or skirts and particularly under a vest.



PAMELA ANDERSON, with Marvin Van Kippenhagen (right), wears a silk stock, brocade vest and velvet suit by Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner. Her satin shirt and corduroy vest (above) and Paisley shirt (below) are from Nan Herzog's.



## The circus under Omar's tent

The man more often introduced as Dr. Zhivago than as Omar the Actor would really prefer to be introduced as Omar the Playmaker. The bridge playmaker, that is. Acting may be Omar Sharif's career, but it finances his avocation—the quixotic pilgrimage around Europe and America known as the Omar Sharif Bridge Circus.

Anyone who suspects that this might be a publicity stunt hasn't seen Omar

play bridge. On the tour he scarcely mentions any of the films he has made that await release, or his new one—he will play Che Guevara—for which he is letting his hair grow wild.

How good a bridge player is Omar? He is not quite as good as the four international stars he has wisely assembled to perform as his supporting cast. Giorgio Belladonna and Benito Garozzo, who do not play as partners on Italy's world championship Blue Team, are cementing on this tour what is already the world's greatest bridge partnership. Claude Delmouly played on the 1968 French Olympiad team and on the 1960 team that won the only world championship Italy hasn't captured during the past 12 years. Leon Yablouze is a veteran Egyptian international star now residing in Paris.

But Omar is also a topflight player who has mastered the Blue Team system of bidding, and he has an unmatchable flair for play, demonstrated on

numerous occasions. In Toronto, for example, Sharif was on lead against 6 diamonds with ♠ A 8 6 3, ♥ 8 7 6 5, ♦ 10 3, ♣ Q 10 8. The opposing bidding had gone

SOUTH	NORTH
1♠	2♣
2♥	1♦
1♥	4NT
5♥	6♦

What would you have led? At the other table, West opened the ace of spades, and the slam rolled. Omar opened the 3 of spades! Dummy held ♠ K 9 and declarer ♠ J 10 5. South guessed wrong and Omar's daring underlead of the ace defeated an "unbeatable" contract.

Against the young Dallas Aces on the deal shown opposite, he escaped a trap that might have crumpled a declarer of lesser skill.

Sharif had to time his four-heart contract carefully. West led the king, ace

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and another club, the third round won by declarer's queen. If Sharif now led trumps, West would go up with the ace and lead his last club. Declarer would have to ruff in dummy to prevent East from scoring a trump trick, and West's queen of trumps would be promoted into the setting trick. So Omar first played three rounds of diamonds, discarding his last club.

Now he was ready to draw trumps, and it was tempting to come back to his hand with the spade ace to lead the jack of hearts through. That could have been fatal. West could step up with the heart ace and lead his last spade, leaving declarer to guess whether to re-enter his hand by ruffing a spade or dummy's last diamond.

Sharif made the guess unnecessary. He cashed the spade king before leading to the ace. When West took his heart ace he would have to return a suit that would enable Omar to ruff in his hand and lead another heart to pick up the queen and his contract.

Omar says of Sophia Loren's poker-playing that she hates to lose. The same is true of Omar's bridge. Winning eight

West dealer  
Both sides  
vulnerable

NORTH

♠ K A 2 4  
♥ K 9 2  
♦ A K Q 7  
♣ K 2

WEST

♠ Q 2  
♥ A Q 1  
♦ 3 6 3 2  
♣ A K 9 2

EAST

♠ J 10 5 7 6  
♥ 7 5  
♦ K 5 4  
♣ J 6 5

SOUTH

♠ A 3  
♥ J 10 8 8 3  
♦ J 10  
♣ Q 10 7 4

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
1 ♠	DOUBLE	PASS	2 ♥
PASS	1 ♥	PASS	PASS
PASS			

Opening lead: king of clubs

of his 10 matches in this country has encouraged him to come back for an even longer tour in 1969. The presentation may be somewhat different, but the object the same—beat the circus. With Omar and his All-Stars in top form, that's going to be hard to do. **END**

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## Mr. Clean and his Mustang-eating machine

So strong are Driver Mark Donohue and Camaro in Trans-American racing that Ford's pioneering sporty car, the Mustang, has toppled from the championship into a grim second-place fight with the upstart Javelin

Most of the time automobile racing can be fun—not fun as in fun and games but fun as in enjoyable. It can also provide laughs, as in comic relief. Occasionally and unfortunately, it can also be laughable, which it was last week at the Continental Divide Raceway at Castle Rock, Col. on the occasion of the 11th race of the Sports Car Club of America's Trans-American series.

In the Trans-Am, now in its third struggling year, there are two classes of cars, one for sports cars with displacement of less than two liters (Porsches, Lancias, Alfa Romeos and the like); the other for cars of up to five liters or 305 cu. in., i.e., the Mustangs and Camaros and Javelins. The latter are the show cars, the ones that are supposed to bring in the crowds, but essentially they are merely little stock cars, and always overshadowing them in the eyes of the pub-

lic are the big and brutal stockers that run the NASCAR Grand National circuit. What's worse is that except for the Riverside (Calif.) 500, no stock car race of any size has ever really made it big on road circuits, and the Trans-Am series is run on roads. Finally, NASCAR itself has gotten into the sporty-car act with its own "Baby Grand" series for Trans-American type racers. On the South's ovals of under one mile they are actually faster than their bigger brothers, and in a couple of years NASCAR will probably have two distinct circuits—one on the smaller ovals for the Baby Grands and one on the existing superspeedways (plus those being built or planned in Michigan, Alabama and California) for the Grand Nationals.

From the moment the cars first appeared at Continental Divide, a tight, scenic course roughly halfway between

Denver and Colorado Springs, it was obvious things were not going to proceed smoothly. First of all, not many cars showed up. Only 18 cars started the race, only five in the big-car division were competitive (two Mustangs, two Javelins and one Camaro) and only 11 finished it, which left a lot of time for quiet, uninterrupted reflection by the scattering of spectators around the 2.66-mile course. The Mercury Cougars, Dodge Darts and Plymouth Barracudas, which lent the series some variety in 1967, did not compete this year, but there is a welcome and surprisingly strong Javelin team from little American Motors. Had it not been for the Javelin, the big-car part of the Trans-Am would have consisted solely of a fight between factory Mustangs and the lavishly financed Camaros of ex-Driver Roger Penske.

continued



WHAT, DONOHUE WORRY? THE WINNER TAVNS THROUGH BRIEFING WITH DAN GURNEY (LEFT) AND GEORGE FOLLMER

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## 1968: Gordon's 'John Bull'

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### **Gas cleans the air as it heats.**

Cleaning the house after the game can be a real chore unless your heating system helps out. A modern gas heating system does. It filters and cleans the air as it heats so that it's just a little easier for you to clean up after the game.

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Though the Trans-Am sponsors are still a long way from the kind of success they think they deserve—the time when people owning Camaros, Mustangs and the rest turn out in large numbers to root for their makes—prize money is way up over 1967 and attendance is gaining little by little. The factories are already plenty keyed up for each victory is a skirmish won in the war for sales in the huge and growing sports-car market, which should soar to 850,000 this year. In the Trans-Am's first two years the Mustangs won and helped Ford sustain its winner's image as first and biggest in sports cars. But, Lord, how the Mustangs have been chewed this year by the Penske Camaros! After an initial Mustang victory at Daytona Beach in February, Mark Donohue won eight straight races for Penske to put the championship out of Ford's reach—and helped Camaro to its current level of 147,000 sales for the year. That is a gain of nearly 8% over the same 1967 pe-

riod; Mustang is down about 25%. The Mustangs also are being challenged for second place in the 13-race series by the uppity Javelins.

In Colorado the Mustang people, trying to salvage something of the season, rented the track on the Friday before the race. All they got for the trouble was a blown engine for regular Driver Jerry Titus and another for Dan Gurney, who had been thrown into the struggle as chief savior.

During the technical inspection that precedes every race, SCCA scrutineer Jim Patterson, a nice guy with an unenviable job, took one look at the front suspension of the Mustangs and saw something weird. Fran Hernandez, the Mustang crew chief, couldn't prove it was legal, but, on the other hand, Patterson couldn't prove it wasn't. In a huff, Hernandez packed up his cars and went to lunch. Meanwhile Patterson also saw something—he wouldn't say what—that "wasn't exactly kosher" about the Jav-

elins and sought out Javelin Team Manager Jim Jeffords. His mission appeared to be a compromise: if Jeffords wouldn't make a fuss about the Mustangs, then Patterson wouldn't make a fuss about the Javelins, and both would race, illegally but peaceably.

"This isn't the way to do things," Patterson said, "but I don't have much choice."

If any of the top five cars—the Javelins driven by Peter Revson and George Follmer, the Mustangs and Donohue's Camaro—were to be eliminated, Promoter Sid Langsam would be in big trouble trying to attract customers. (Ultimately he drew 8,500.)

Hernandez returned from lunch with his Mustangs safely through inspection, put them on the track and hallelu! blam! Two more engines went up.

After that, the race was anticlimactic. Donohue took the lead on the first turn of the first lap and held it for 78 of the race's 94 laps. Actually there was just

*continued*

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one anxious moment. A third of the way through he had to put to replace a tire that had picked up debris from the abrasive track. As for the newly engined Mustangs, Gurney's blew on the third lap, and Tatus, who made a stiff challenge for the lead after Donohue's unscheduled pit stop, blew his on the 76th lap. That brought Ford's engine without score for the week to six.

On the Javelin side, things were not much better. Revson slowed considerably early in the race because of high water temperature and low oil pressure and had to nurse his car the entire afternoon. Follmer fractured a rocker arm two-thirds of the way through to leave the track entirely to Donohue and the Camaro.

But there was still one bit of hilarity left. Follmer's Javelin could at least run, and when Jeffords learned Follmer would be placed sixth in the over-two-liter class if he could finish the race under his own power, he sent Follmer out on

Donohue's last lap. When Follmer got on the course he saw Revson parked by the side of the track with a suddenly dead engine and did what any considerate teammate would do—gave Pete a shove to restart Revson's engine so Pete could finish fourth overall and keep Javelin abreast of the Mustangs. There was only one catch, push starts on the course are illegal. In the pits after the race Follmer said, "Maybe I did wrong."

He did. The stewards disqualified Revson from fourth place, which moved Follmer into fifth, and since an independent Mustang driven by John McComb finished third, Javelin fell four points behind Mustang in the season's standings in their duel for second place. Fred Baker continued Porsche's dominance of the under-two-liter division.

Nothing should be taken from Donohue, nicknamed "Mr. Clean" in honor of his cherubic face and boot-camp haircut, and Penske, the driver-turned-owner, for their victory. Donohue, a mechanical

engineer out of Brown University, in half a dozen years has moved to the forefront of U.S. road racing without fuss or fanfare, much in the way Penske did before him. The Castle Rock win was their ninth in the series, and they really did not have to show up at all. "We did it just to try and keep the series alive," Penske said.

For their efforts, Penske and Donohue continued to enjoy one of the most successful years of sports-car racing ever. Earlier Donohue had won the U.S. Road Racing Championship for the second straight year in a Penske car and en route five of the nine races in that series, which is a sort of preliminary to the more prestigious and infinitely richer Canadian-American Challenge Cup series that began on Sunday at Elkhart Lake, Wis.

"If we win that," Penske said, "all that will be left for us is volleyball."

And unless things improve drastically, that might be all that will be left for the Trans-Am people as well.

END

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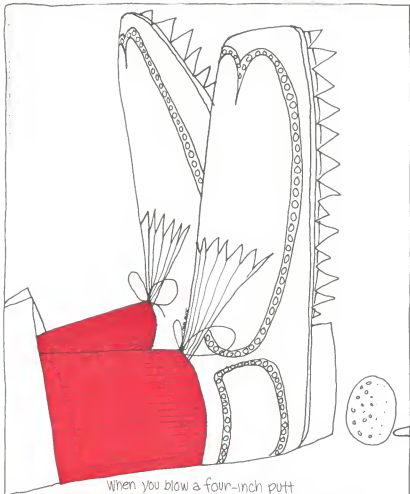
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# PURSUIT OF A BIG BLUE CHIPPER

*The American drama of football recruiting, as observed in the case of Abilene's No. 14, is a phenomenon both somewhat ridiculous and somewhat sublime* BY DAN JENKINS

Every year he turns up in some little dry-bed town, where the folks are God-fearing, mother-loving, flag-saluting and psychoneurotic about football. He is big, tough, intelligent, unselfish, a leader. And fast? He runs the hundred in 9.4—uphill. He runs the quarter in 46 flat—in the rain. And his arm? Why, it's like one of those bazookas that we kill the Red Communist Nazi menace with. Everybody in town has seen him flick the ball 60 yards on his knees with two linebackers jerking on his face guard. Man, if he doesn't have an arm then Johnny Unitas is an old woman. He's got it all, which is why Ara Parseghian and Bear Bryant and Durrell Royal and the Detroit Tigers and the Boston Celtics and the Morgan Guaranty Trust have all been trying to sign him up since he was in the fourth grade. And it is why whoever winds up with him will announce it in a press con-

ference on the battleship Missouri, and why those who don't will go running off to the NCAA and the FBI.

He goes by several familiar names, of course. He is known as the No. 1 Blue Chipper, the Prized Recruit, the Top Prospect, the Most Wanted, the Most Highly Coveted, the Leader of the Tribe, the Boss Stud, the Head Hoss.

He has had a lot of other names, too. Several years ago he was Bill De Correvont from Chicago's Austin High School, a kid who put 120,000 in Soldier Field for a city championship game. Once he was Ronnie Knox out on the West Coast. A couple of times he came out of Louisiana and was called John David Crow and Billy Cannon. But as often as not, he has risen from that holy land of high school football known as the State of Texas and has been named things like Doak Walker, Bobby Layne and Kyle Rote.

It is sort of expected for Texas to produce a Head Hoss every few years. After all, the state has 1,007 schools playing football in an interscholastic league that permits championship playoffs in four different classifications. This enables a lot of varied parts of the vast region to go cuckoo, such as last year when the championships were won by teams from Austin in the Hill Country, Brownwood in central Texas, Plano up in the north and Tidehaven on the coast. This season's winners may have even more interesting names, for among the favorites are Alice, Mission, Granbury and Poth.

Outside of the large cities—Dallas, Houston and Fort Worth—high school football is just about the sole interest of everybody from the banker and the undertaker to all the guys hanging around Snap's gas station. Coleman's Fighting Blue Cats are absolute celebrities during the season, and so are El Campo's

*continued*



Rice Birds, Port Lavaca's Sandcrabs, Hutto's Hippos, Tront's Gorillas, Itasca's Wampus Cats, Cuero's Gobblers and all the others.

Because of the vast exposure it has become almost impossible for Texas not to have at least one player emerge each fall as a near-national figure before he is ever issued a college freshman's T shirt, a convertible and a Bluebonnet Festival queen. San Antonio's Warren McVea, for example, was certainly well known to about 50 colleges before he ever selected the University of Houston. A film of a 55-48 state playoff game that Warren starred in was already on the banquet circuit and threatening to make its way to Lincoln Center. McVea felt compelled to hold press conferences to announce he had narrowed his choice down to just 20 campuses. A year later a young man named Bill Bradley came out of Palestine with the nickname of Super Bill, and before he chose

the University of Texas the public somehow had the feeling that he had been forced to turn down 17 major league baseball offers, all of them worth \$500,000 each. Two years ago the village of Bridge City finally gave a diploma to a lad named Steve Worster, who was modestly considered to be "the greatest power running back in Texas history." In the midst of an ABC television special on him, the University of Texas beat LSU in the finals for Worster, and 50 other proselyters got out their road maps and scurried off in search of Blue Chip Prospect No. 2.

Last season Texas offered up its usual phenomenon, this time a quarterback from the flat, arid plains of Abilene. He had all the attributes that make recruiters dance and holler—size, speed, arm, brains, moves, family, church, statistics, leadership and handshake. Jack Mildren was his name. He had been throwing touchdown passes on organized teams

since the fifth grade, he had always been a winner, he had the savvy that only the son of an ex-coach could have, he had come from a formidable high school with an eight-man coaching staff, and everybody knew about him from UCLA to West Point.

It was only natural that he would lead recruiters on one of the merriest chases of their careers—over farm roads, oil pumps, city streets and Astrodomes—before he would eventually put his signature on a pre-enrollment agreement while flashbulbs exploded and a proud family brushed away its collective tear. This is the story of that chase, which is pretty much the story of college recruiting everywhere.

It began last summer before Jack Mildren even started his senior season at Abilene Cooper High, in which he would complete 147 passes for 2,076 yards and 20 touchdowns and run for 787 more yards and 24 more touchdowns, all of it in what is generally considered to be the ruggeddest "big school" league in the state, a thing called District 3-AAAA, which includes a lot of the pillars of Texas schoolboy football: teams from Odessa, Midland, San Angelo and Big Spring. It was before Jack would lead the Cooper Cougars unbeaten through 13 games and right into the state finals, where they would lose 20-19 because, it would be ruled—controversially—he did not score a touchdown from the one-foot line on the last play of the game.

The way it started was that Mildren's coach, Merrill Green, a former Oklahoma player, asked Jack's father if he had any idea where his oldest son might want to go to college. Was Jack still a big SMU fan, as he had been as a youngster, or was his mind open? Well, the father said he just hoped Jack would get some offers.

"He won't get more than 100," Green said. The coach then suggested that the family brace for this by taking the quarterback on an unofficial tour of some of the campuses Jack might be interested in so that he could see them without the frills of a big game weekend or without the adulation that can be poured over a kid when the recruiters notice



While being entertained in Fort Worth by TCU enthusiasts, Mildren was introduced to one of the university's latest attractions, Mollie Grabb, who is this year's Miss Texas.



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## BLUE CHIPPER *continued*

pedestrian look-around, unless one considers it sneaking to be met everywhere by the coaching staffs and given a guided tour of every landmark from the training room to the admissions office.

Whether the visits accomplished anything for Jack or not, they served to whet the appetites of the schools. Their logic was that if Jack Mildren was interested enough in them to take a look at their campus before his senior season had even begun, then he was surely a prize to pursue.

In recruiting a coach looks for any edge he can find, and there were 10 colleges that had a perfect right to go after Mildren ahead of any other prospect. Merrill Green was indirectly responsible for three of the reasons himself. First, Green had played at Oklahoma, which justified the Sooners in being serious about him from the beginning. But Green had coached for a while at Arkansas under Frank Broyles, whom he liked and admired, and this certainly made Arkansas believe it had a chance. T's complicate it further, Green had been the former roommate of, and best man for, Coach Eddie Crowder at Colorado. Crowder thought his old pal might just help point Jack toward Boulder. And then, of course, there were all of these other tie-ins. Texas Tech sits out there only 160 miles northwest of Ahlens. It has always been a favorite for Ahlens students. And Baylor prides itself on sending a lot of quarterbacks to the pros, which might appeal to Jack. And one of Larry Mildren's old friends, Jake Helms, was the freshman coach at Texas A&M now, which could be a persuasive force. Another of the father's old friends, Emory Bellard, was an assistant at Texas, which might be the same. The president of the Ahlens school hoard was a Rice man, and that wouldn't hurt the Owls. TCU had the bit about being the closest Southwest Conference campus, and the family already knew several of the TCU coaches. Finally, the family was, after all, Methodist, which never stopped giving SMU hope.

Sometimes a prospect can add to the complications of his ultimate decision



by doing the very natural thing of answering his mail. Soon after the season started, Jack Mildren began receiving letters and questionnaires from all over the country—from Notre Dame, UCLA, Army, everywhere. If you answer them you begin to get more personal letters, then phone calls, then requests for game films and then visits from alumni in the area or by assistant coaches. This suddenly sank in on Jack Mildren one evening at home when the phone rang and it was UCLA Coach Tommy Prothro, who said, "We probably don't have a very good chance to get you, son, but I believe that if you'll just come visit us, you'll want to stay."

There are recruiting rules in the Southwest Conference designed to keep college coaches from stumbling over each other at high school workouts—and to keep prospective athletes from stumbling over recruiters. A staff can make only two official visits to a prospect before the date on which he can sign a letter of intent binding him to that school. The date this year was Feb. 21. Of course, accidental visits don't count. "Bump-ins" they are called, and there are a lot of them. A bump-in is when the athlete just happens to meet up with a college coach in a public place, like, for instance, a hamburger stand where the team hangs out, or a coffee shop where the father hangs out, or a department store where the mother shops. At any rate, the two-visit rule is fine for Southwest coaches to live with among themselves, but it has no effect on an outsider like Oklahoma, which happens to be located closer to a greater part of Texas than several Southwest campuses.

Not that Oklahoma needs anything to incur the anger of Texas schools. Long ago Bud Wilkinson started reaching into Texas for good athletes, and last year Oklahoma started reaching for Jack Mildren before anyone else. Maybe it was because of Merrill Green and maybe not. Maybe it was because Ahlrene, being a big oil town, had a lot of well-to-do and influential OU exes, and maybe not. Maybe it was because an Oklahoma coach, Barry Switzer, was practically camping on the Mildrens' front lawn.

continued



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## BLUE CHIPPER *continued*

and maybe not. But on the one week-end he had free from playing a Cooper High game, Jack was invited up to Norman for the Oklahoma-Maryland game, and he went.

Everybody else howled about that later. They knew it must have made a huge impression on Mildren and would make their selling jobs even tougher. Darrell Royal put it better than anyone.

"I remember when I was a kid and went to Norman for the first time. I saw those big red helmets with the white 'O' on 'em, and those big shoulder pads," said Darrell. "Why, I knew I couldn't go anywhere else. I went back to Hollis and got my radio and put it out there on the porch on Saturdays so I could listen to the OU games and play like I had on one of those red helmets as I ran around dodging trees and stiff-arming anthills."

Jack Mildren had been a good prospect on the basis of his junior year, but as his team rolled along through last season he became a superb prospect. The Southwest recruiters could hardly wait until the Cougars finished their campaign to start their sales pitches, though Oklahoma, of course, had already started. After one particular game Green admitted some Sooner coaches to the Abilene dressing room where the Southwest coaches couldn't go because Mildren's season wasn't over yet. Darrell Royal got especially outraged. He called the Cooper coach to tell him he was granting Oklahoma an unfair advantage.

Green apologized and said he realized he had made a mistake, but he couldn't resist teasing Royal at the same time.

"Darrell, I wonder how many prosecutors can take a kid out to the LBJ Ranch?" Green asked. "That seems to me like a little bit of an unfair advantage for Texas."

The recruiting season officially opens on a Texas athlete about one second after his final game. In Jack Mildren's case his pursuers waited an extra day for the quarterback and the family to recover from the heart-ravaging loss to Austin Reagan in the finals at TCU stadium in Fort Worth, Jack had not played his best that day, although he passed

*continued*



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for two touchdowns and ran for one and gave his Cougars a 19-7 lead that they blew. It was a very sad afternoon for Abilene. Nothing in life ever seems quite so monumental as that great big high school loss or victory. So the recruiters sort of stood back and stayed away from the downcast Abilene players after the game. They hung their heads like the families did and dug their toes into the concrete. It was a trifle difficult for Mike Campbell, an assistant at Texas, to look all that terribly torn up for Jack Mildren since Mike's son had played for Austin Reagan, but he somehow managed to keep it on a high plane. The Mildrens appreciated Campbell's position.

So Jack Mildren had a one-day reprieve, but it was the only one he would have for the next two months. Back at their home on Regent Drive in Abilene on Sunday—a small but nice development home on the new side of town—the phone calls started and the telegrams began to arrive.

The first call came from SMU Coach Hayden Fry in Dallas. He just wanted to express his sorrow at Cooper losing the game. But while Hayden was at it, he managed to mention that he hoped Jack was still an SMU fan like that little red-headed, 6-year-old boy he remembered so well. "You know in your heart you've always been a Mustang," Fry said to Mildren. A few hours later Jack would receive an effusive telegram from Hayden saying, among other things, that Jack was the best quarterback ever to play in the state of Texas.

Other phone calls rapidly followed Fry's. There was Durrell Royal, who wanted to set up an official visit right away, and then several condoling assistant coaches who more or less cooled it. They just wanted to make contact. Jack granted Royal the first official visit, which would take place the following Wednesday.

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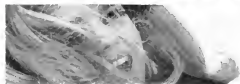
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## BLUE CHIPPER continued

strength. Texas is the biggest school, a good one, a pretty one and his teams have been winners.

It took a while for Mildren to recover from Royal's dynamic presentation.

"Where do we stand, Jack?" was Royal's first question. "Is Texas in this?"

Mildren offered up several uh-uh-uh. "If you come to our place," said Royal, "you must know that your opportunities for success after graduation will be greater than they would be if you went anywhere else. If you plan to live in Texas you ought to attend the university. It's that simple."

Mildren, who is a most presentable and likable young man, one who has a quick handshake, a thorough knowledge of football history and the ability to converse with his elders, slowly managed to get across the idea that Texas might have too many good football players.

Royal said, "You're a competitor, Jack. Come to our place, roll up your sleeves and show 'em who's best. The challenge is there. The question is whether you're man enough to meet it."

Jack was hit hard by Royal. His competitive nature was aroused. He had not really ever thought that Texas would be where he would wind up, but now he did. He'd show 'em, just as Royal had challenged him to. Jack was in the perfect frame of mind to meet the easy-going entourage from TCU.

TCU's approach to recruiting over the years has always been wonderfully homey. Its basic appeal is to the small-town or country boy who wants a howdy-type campus and who likes to whip the big guys. There was a time when all of the TCU coaches chewed tobacco and pitched coins at a line outside the stadium in their spare time. A few years ago when TCU built a handsome field house with new offices for the staff, a Fort Worth columnist predicted the coaches wouldn't like it because there was no place to spit.

Jack Mildren did not hear precisely a country-boy kind of argument from Fred Taylor when the TCU coach showed in Abilene with an assistant, Albie White, and an alumnus with a private plane, Oilman Dick Lowe.

"All of the schools are good," said Taylor. "You won't be disappointed with any of us. But TCU's close to your home, and we beat Texas last year, don't forget. We're on the winning path. We're getting close to the top, and you can take us all the way."

By now the Mildens were not only in the dazzling social world of being entertained constantly by coaches and alumni, but Jack was regularly receiving calls and letters from great players he had heard about forever, all of them urging him to attend a different university. He got them at the rate of 10 or 15 per day from the likes of Bob Lilly, Adrian Burk, Donk Walker, Tommy Nobis, Kyle Rote, a sort of Texas Hall of Fame on long distance.

One evening the phone rang and Jack answered, fully expecting it to be another assistant coach. It wasn't at all.

"Jack," a husky voice said. "This is Johnny Unitas."

"Huh," said Jack, followed by a couple of gulps.

"I just wanted to call and put in a good word for my old friend John Bridges at Baylor," Unitas said. "If you're as good as John says you are, then you're probably thinking about playing pro football someday."

Jack said y-yeah, h-he guessed he was, maybe.

"Well, you can't play college ball for a better coach if you want to be a pro quarterback," said Unitas. "You give Baylor some thought now. O.K.?"

Madden said he would, and thanks very much for calling John, er, Mr. Unetas, er, well, thankee. Thankee very much. Yes, sir. Mister, uh, Thankee.

It is not easy to sell Baylor, because the Bears have not won the Southwest Conference in 43 years, and it is a very Baptist school, and Waco, Texas is not Beverly Hills. In fact, Waco almost has to get two-up a side from Salado, which at least has a dandy restaurant called the Stagecoach Inn. For a while, however, John Unstut had Jack Maldren thinking about Baylor.

One by one, all of the head coaches got to Abilene. Jack heard Texas Tech's J. T. King emphasize the big money ex-

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### BLUE CHIPPER

Red Rader Donny Anderson had got from the Green Bay Packers, and Larry, the father, heard King explain how Anderson's dad was also on the Packer payroll at \$12,000 a year, if that was any kind of inducement. J.T. said that one of the nice things about Tech is that a boy can walk right in and see the president. Which you sure can't do somewhere like the University of Texas, he said. The Mildrens listened to Houston's Bill Yeoman talk about his unique option play and why it's better to play in the Astrodome. They heard Rice's Bo Hagan stress education ahead of football, primarily, they suspected, because Rice has not won a conference title since 1957.

A man they listened to a little more intently than some of the others was A&M's Gene Stallings. Like Royal, he was speaking from strength, having just won the championship. He was in a hurry and he talked to the point, except to tell a few Joe Namath stories from his assistant coaching days at Alabama.

"If you want to learn football, there are only two places you can consider," said Stallings, drawing like Bear Bryant. "Alabama and Texas A&M. And I think Alabama is too far away for you. But let me say this. If you don't want to be a one hundred per cent Aggie, don't come to our place."

While Jack was giving some thought to the rather Spartan idea of being a 100% Aggie, he received what seemed like his 1,000th long-distance call of January. It came from Jerry Wampfler, a Notre Dame assistant, offering a chance to visit South Bend. Wampfler told Mildren the Fighting Irish did not go after just anyone, that he could be the quarterback to replace Terry Hanratty. All of the Mildrens were excited about Notre Dame phoning. It was, in a sense, the final recognition of success. Jack told the Irish he was flattered, but he truthfully wanted to stay closer to home.

Where exactly would Jack Mildren visit at this point? Well, he had managed to slim his choices down to about seven campuses. There were SMU, TCU, Rice and Houston, all four of which were schools where he felt he could play a

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## BLUE CHIPPER

happened to be Miss Texas at the time and a TCU student. None of this, however, made the impact on him that Dallas and SMU did.

First of all, he had been getting these wires from such notable Dallas citizens as Clint Murchison Jr., owner of the Cowboys, and Lamar Hunt, owner of the Kansas City Chiefs (former Dallas Texans), pleading with him to attend SMU. Then a group of Dallas businessmen—they were called "the millionaires" by Abilene people—made a special trip to see Jack and throw a lavish dinner at Abilene's Petroleum Club. They dwelled continually on the benefits of playing in Dallas. Big business wants you, Jack, they said.

So it was that when the Mildrens visited Dallas the first thing they saw when they arrived at the Hilton Inn, near the campus, was the marquee out front: DALLAS WELCOMES THE MILDRENS. Then, driving to the SMU campus, they saw another sign on a Tom Thumb grocery store: WELCOME TO SMU! DALLAS WELCOMES THE MILDRENS. When they got to SMU's coliseum the Mustang band, to their astonishment, was out front loudly playing the school fight song. Thereafter Jack was introduced at half time of an SMU basketball game, a party was thrown for the family at a private home and he met all sorts of Miss Teen-age Dallases.

A few days later it appeared that Dallas had won the battle and that Jack had made up his mind. When SMU Coach Hayden Fry phoned him Jack said, "The way things stand right now, it looks like I'll be coming to SMU."

Fry was jubilant. He said he would like to stage a massive press reception. He wanted copies of Jack's glowing statistics. He wanted to make the announcement for Sunday's papers. Then more wires began to arrive. Sign now, they said, and they came from just plain folks like Murchisons, Hunts and Merediths.

To his father, Jack paused and said, "I didn't think I was that definite. Did I mislead 'em? I'm still sort of thinking about some other schools."

And Jack did not sign.

It was at this point that Oklahoma

and Arkansas, a new entry, made their big moves. Frank Broyles beamed into Abilene with his evangelistic style. No one sells anything the way Broyles sells Arkansas. He talked about his pro-type offense. He said he had hired the best quarterback coach in the country, Don Breasus from Florida State, the man who had taught Kim Hammond, and the best receiving coach, Richard Williamson from Alabama, the man who turned out Dennis Homan. He drew pass patterns incessantly, talked technical football

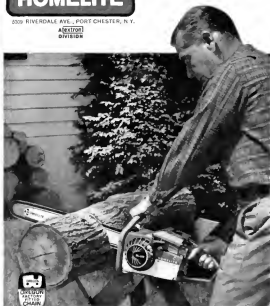
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*A slightly weary Larry McAllen has his quarterback run off to school at last.*

over and over, preached the enthusiasm of the Razorback fans and got across the idea of nothing but national championships at Arkansas with Jack winning two or three Heisman trophies.

Now came Oklahoma Coach Chuck Fairbanks. Didn't OU have everything that Jack desired in a university? It's out of state but still close enough to home, only 300 miles. It was a campus town, Norman was, a beautiful school with some age to it. It would be like going away somewhere, Jack, but your folks could still see you play. And Oklahoma is winning again. You can play in the Cotton Bowl every year against Texas, don't forget, and probably go to some other bowls, too, in the postseason.

*continued*

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**BLUE CHIPPER** *continued*

You can start as a sophomore for us, Jack, and we can win a national championship at OU. You just can't do that at several other schools.

With the signing date past and Jack still not committed, it was natural that a lot of people, including some coaches, felt Mildren was holding out for improper inducements—that he was simply going to the highest bidder. Actually, a few exes from here and there had made some suggestions. Jack had been offered investments, with no cash output, of course. He could lease a new automobile at only \$10 per month. Some splendid summer jobs had been casually mentioned. The offers were not definitive, nor were they listened to, and they were far from the reason that Jack had not signed. His was not an unusual problem for a teenager with a significant decision to make and parents willing to guide him, but not to decide for him. He could not make up his mind.

The talk continued. And now the family listened to all kinds of things that disturbed them. When the father left the cable TV company to go to work for American Mud, a company which sells to oil explorers, it was said that he had been fired because Jack wasn't going to Texas (the cable TV owner was a Longhorn booster) and that Oklahoma exes had fixed up the other job so they could give him a lot of business. If Jack went to OU, a newspaper ran the story that Merrill Green could join the coaching staff of whatever school Jack picked. Another paper printed the story that several schools would take the whole Cooper High backfield if Jack came. The Mildren's postman told Jack's quiet, pleasant and bewildered mother, Mary Glynnie, "If he goes to Oklahoma, I'll never root for him again." And he kept getting anti-OU wires and letters. One of them said, "How will you feel when those stupid Okies boo *The Eyes of Levi*?" Another brutally said, "I is gonna be yo roommate at Oklahoma." It was signed, "Abraham Washington."

Finally Jack made up his mind. It was two months, 27 official coaching visits, 500 letters, 100 telegrams and 150 long-distance calls later, but he made

*continued*

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# Who says things are changing?



**I do.** I'm Bernie Ammons. The Air Force taught me to be an electronics technician. After the service, I worked my way up to become a technical writer for missile systems. It hasn't been easy. But it can be done."

BLUE CHIPPER

his decision. He felt sure about his choice, but he wanted to sleep on it one more night. As he slept, both Oklahoma Coach Chuck Fairbanks and Arkansas Coach Frank Broyles were in Abilene waiting for the word. Mildren had managed to narrow it down to those two.

The next morning Jack awakened, and his family watched as he called Frank Broyles at the Starline Motel.

"Coach Broyles," said the quarterback. "I just wanted to let you know first that it's going to be Oklahoma."

Chuck Fairbanks made a big thing out of it, as anyone could have guessed. He called a press group together and pronounced it "a great day for Oklahoma recruiting." Jack signed the surrender papers while the family and the Oklahoma coaches and a cluster of reporters and photographers looked on.

Some other coaches made a big thing out of it, too. They all denounced the two-visit rule in the Southwest Conference, which they thought was the biggest aid Oklahoma had. His high school coach guided him to Oklahoma all the way, they said. Some schools were strung along just for the publicity, they said. And for the trips. All of this was too bad, they said, because Jack was a good kid and they wished him well.

This week Jack Mildren will arrive at Norman. There will be no band playing and no press conference. His name will not be on the marquee of a motel or even on a sign at a supermarket. No Miss Wheatfield will greet him, and no millionaires will be around waiting to take him to lunch. He will be just another freshman who has been brought in to play football, like hundreds of others all over the U.S. The only thing Jack might be thinking about are the words of an Arkansas recruiter from a few giddy months earlier in the year. The fellow had said, "Once you make your decision, never look back."

He will certainly try to follow that advice, and the world may hear of him again, and it might not. Which won't matter at all to the recruiters. Somewhere out there right now is another Jack Mildren, another Heed Hoss, and the recruiters are in pursuit.

END



Things are changing. In the next 5 years, 8,000,000 good jobs will open up for Whites, Negroes, Puerto Ricans, Mexican Americans, everyone. To get one, get a skill.



# BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

All season the Tigers have been looking for a second stopper to pair up with pitching ace Denny McLain. Their search ended last week when Earl Wilson, who stopped the opposition 22 times last season but has been ailing most of this, won twice. His first victory, a shutout, halted a four-game skid (14-2) losing streak, and his second, which he helped win with a three-run homer, got the Tigers off on the right foot in a crucial series against the challenging Orioles. Baltimore (4-4) lost ground on the league leaders by dropping two to the Senators, a team that had not beaten the Orioles in 12 previous games this year. Said Manager Earl Weaver after the defeat, "I guess we were looking ahead to the Tiger series and saying to ourselves, 'O.K., let's get these two with the Senators over.' Well, they're over." Washington (3-3), which enjoyed its best week since early June, received surprisingly tight pitching from the majors' worst staff. It allowed just seven runs in the wins and shut out the opposition twice. Chicago's (3-3) pitchers matched that shutout total, once on a four-hitter by Jerry Nyma, who was making his first big-league start. As now (4-2) moved back up to third, its hitters and pitchers were getting together just as they did a year ago. Red Sox batters scored 27 runs in the team's wins while the pitchers held the opposition to only seven. Minnesota's (3-3) pitchers allowed five or fewer hits in five games but still lost three of them as the Twins' hitters, the best of the league's dormant lot, managed only a .206 average. Vic Davalillo, a part-time player until he was traded to California (3-5) in June, has been hitting at a .300 pace since going west. After a 440 mark last week, the former sub now has his eye on

the batting title. "After all, I checked the paper and found I'm only 8 points behind Carl Yastrzemski, who is leading the league now," he said. New York (4-5), which totaled just 16 runs and went scoreless for 34 innings, still managed to hold sixth place on the shutout pitching of Stan Bahnen, Steve Hamilton and Fritz Peterson. Arm troubles are making it tough for Cleveland (2-5) to stay in the first division. Only Stan Williams of the Indians' starting five is not suffering from a sore elbow or tendonitis. Oakland's (3-3) young pitchers are beginning to show the strain of the long season. They allowed 39 runs, including 12 homers, as the Athletics came within a game of slipping back to sixth.

Standings: Det. 15-51, Bal. 19-57, Bos. 22-54, Chi. 23-52, Cal. 15-55, NY 44-51, Wash. 31, Cle. 17, C. 53, W. 53-51

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

Improbably enough, it was the Mets who were slowing down St. Louis' (3-3) charge to the pennant. New York (4-3), which moved briefly up to eighth place, handed the Cardinals their only losses. Two of them were back-to-back shutouts by rookie Jim McAndrew and Dick Selma and a third came on a win by Tom Seaver in which he tossed a perfect game by just six outs. Cincinnati's (4-3) batters, who are outbidding the rest of the major league teams by 24 points, posted the opposition for a .289 average while Gerry Arrigo and Tony Cloninger pitched consecutive complete games, the first time the Reds have had two in a row since early June. Heavy hitting by Henry Aaron (1462) and Felipe Alou (400) combined with shutout pitching by Phil Niekro, Milt Pappas and Claude Raymond prevented slumping Atlanta (4-3) from dropping out of the

first division. Gaylord Perry of San Francisco (4-2) pitched his best game ever, a one-hitter in which the Cubs' Glenn Beckert, who rolled a ground single through the middle, was the only man to reach base. Two pinch hits by Ken Boyer, one a three-run eighth-inning double and the other a ninth-inning run-scoring single, gave Los Angeles (3-3) two of its wins. Houston's (3-3) felt about as happy as some members of the Democratic Convention after the first game of a series with the Cubs. During the bus trip in from the airport, the team spent a few nervous moments passing through a dis-senters' barricade. Arriving at their hotel, the Astros then found themselves in the middle of a chemical war between protesters using acid stink bombs and police using tear gas. Events out at Citi-Corpus (2-4) Wrigley field were hardly more pleasant as Ferguson Jenkins beat the Astros for his 16th win and Ron Santo clubbed two home runs to account for all five Cub runs. Pittsburgh (3-3) General Manager Joe Brown lavished praise and a 1969 contract on Field Manager Larry Shepard, whose team has been slowed by injuries to key players, including four-time batting champion Roberto Clemente and Pitcher Jim Bunning. Front-office support like that should make a nervous man of Shepard. The last time Brown went through such pomp and circumstance, then-Manager Harry Walker found himself fired a few weeks later. With 22 pitchers allowing 39 runs, there was not much to cheer about in Philadelphia (2-5) except that a bartender, who was suing slugger Richie Allen for assault, decided to drop the charges.

Standings: St. 28-51, SF 23-52, C. 31, NY 44-51, Atl. 44-51, Phil. 52-51, Hou. 44-51, Pitt. 52-51, LA 50-51

## HIGHLIGHT

On August 17 the Dodgers, who just two years before had won their 10th pennant since 1947, dropped to the cellar. The decline of the National League's most successful team can be traced directly to the retirement of ace Pitcher Sandy Koussis and the abrupt ending of team captain Maury Wills to Pittsburgh after the 1966 pennant victory. Last year, without the two stars, the Dodgers ended eighth. Even that finish did not discourage Los Angeles fans, who had seen their team rebound from second division finishes to win pennants in 1959 and 1965. But on June 10 the Dodgers lost the first of three to the Mets and began their steady slide to 10th. Operation Bounceback, a ticket-selling device that was meant to make the most of Manager Walt Alton's recuperative powers, failed. Attendance is down

81, and a record-low crowd of 8,928 showed up for one game last week. The Dodger pitching is still strong (2.49 ERA), but the team's hitting is weaker than ever, ranking last at .224, and its defense is the league's fourth worst. Frisco Thompson, a nice man who perhaps should have thought twice before taking over the general managership from Buzz Bavaro, temporarily safe in San Diego, blames the players' attitude for the poor showing. "Some time in the past year and a half they have lost pride in themselves and in being Dodgers. It is disgraceful to lose to teams like the Mets and the Astros." Maybe so, but as one big league scout says, "The Dodgers always used to have the best minor league players. Now you would be hard pressed to find six of their farm hands worth a shot at the majors." Operation Bounceback may have to start somewhere south of the ticket booths.



ALTON: BAD BOUNCEBACK



# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## THE ARMS RACE

Sirs:

Mark Mulvoy's story on sore-armed pitchers (*Save Spots in a Big-Arm Year*, Aug. 26) makes several valid points. However, his condemnation of management as the primary cause ignores an even more culpable force, the disappearance of the minor leagues.

Today, with a handful of minor leagues and many playing abbreviated schedules while carrying swollen rosters (up to 40 men), the opportunity for a pitcher to develop fully before being called up to the big leagues (where expansion demands many more hurlers) is sadly curtailed.

In my day as a professional (1947-59) there were 59 minor leagues, all playing full schedules and carrying normal player complements. The typical club would have seven pitchers for a 140- or 148-game schedule. There was ample work for all hands. No pitcher would be called on to work more innings in one season of intense big-league competition than he had in two or three seasons of minor league ball.

Dick Groat once said that he regretted having had no minor league experience because he was deprived of the opportunity of learning how to play every day before reaching the major leagues. Substitute "learn to pitch every four days over a full season" in Groat's statement and the key to permanently damaged pitching arms will be as apparent as should be its underlying cause: a culture and economy that allow little room for minor league baseball.

LESLIE ELLEN WAITS III

Newtown, Pa.

● The author of *The Fine Art of Baseball*, among other writings, Lew Waits speaks with authority about pitching and sore arms. After his release from the Navy he was a minor league pitcher for four seasons until bursters ended a promising career.—ED.

Sirs:

Mark Mulvoy's article revealing how young promising pitchers are being exploited by the major league managerial hierarchy illustrates a topic that should be more critically publicized than it has been in the past. This is the appalling waste of human resources, whether it be in athletics or elsewhere, which very often becomes forgotten in the considerations of economy, massive planning, public show or in the overburdening desire to preserve material wealth.

These young men who devote their tal-

ents to baseball and who have much to offer are finding their worthy expectations being dashed by an early unfortunate experience, all of which makes the game appear as a thankless taskmaster. America's national pastime was never intended to appear in that light. Yet, on the page following Mulvoy's piece, we see Joe Namath, whose ailing knees receive all of football management's loving care, despite a high salary, and whose ego is even boosted by mink (*Joe-Ar-Slow Brammell*). Maybe these young deserving pitchers are in the wrong profession?

STEPHEN RESS

Fresno, Calif.

## THE RAMS AND MRS. RYAN

A faithful *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* reader since the magazine's birth, I can't recall enjoying an article as much as Alfred Wright's *A Big Lift Toward the Tide* (Aug. 19), a perfect blend of fact and fancy. Let's have more of Wright.

WILFRED N. ESTERHILZ

Watertown, N.Y.

Sirs:

It was such a tiny little error, and it probably didn't bother anybody in the world but me, but then I admit to being notoriously sensitive about such slipups as erroneously ascribed interceptions.

In the August 9 preseason game between the Cleveland Browns and the Los Angeles Rams, the Ram comeback was indeed inspired by an Eddie Meador interception, but not of a Ryan pass. Frank Ryan was watching the proceedings from the sidelines, as I trust Alfred Wright was also.

A football season brings a quarterback's wife her husband's share of interceptions, so please, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, I don't need any complimentary extras.

JOAN (MRS. FRANK) RYAN

Cleveland

Sirs:

San Diego 35, the powerful L.A. Rams 13. Cincinnati 19, Pittsburgh 3. After 15 games the AFL led the NFL by 10 games to 5, and you guys didn't even mention it!

The NFL superiority myth is over. It's a big story. How about it?

TONY D'ASCON

Shelton, Conn.

Sirs:

I am writing this letter to reassure all football fans that the fans of the Rams are not worried about their loss to Dallas. Because I know, as I'm sure everybody else knows, that the Rams will be the NFL representative in the Super Bowl. So don't think that the

Rams are down and out, just wait till January. Oh yes, you AFL people, you've beaten some teams, but you will find out why the Rams are superior.

KEVIN PIGAN

Garden Grove, Calif.

## BACKWARD AND FORWARD

Sirs:

Your article on Paul Elvstrom (*The Sail or Who Owns the Wind*, Aug. 19) brought back memories. During the tune-up period for the Olympic sailing on the Bay of Naples in 1960, I stopped at the harbor where two other classes were berthed, the Finn and the Flying Dutchman. Because some of the Finns had not yet been rigged, the participants of that class had to share the available boats.

There was a long finger pier parallel to the concrete breakwater separated by 15 to 20 feet of water. The wind was blowing parallel to the pier and breakwater at 10 knots. One of the participants was just coming in, and another, Elvstrom, waited on the corner of the pier, deep in the throat of this narrow stretch of water. Elvstrom fended the incoming boat off and held it alongside, while its helmsman climbed ashore. Then in one motion Paul pushed the Finn backward, jumped on the small bow, ducked under the boom, backed the sail perpendicular to the wind, using his body against the boom while he grabbed the tiller extension. He sailed the small boat backward for fully 75 to 100 feet, spun it on its ear and went out of the harbor.

This was no grandstand play. I doubt if anyone else saw this amazing feat of catlike balance and agility. It is not impossible to sail a boat backward for a few feet, but never have I seen it done for such a distance in such tight quarters on a one-man boat. It would have been far safer to walk the small hull out of the pocket, but that was the slow way. Indeed, Paul Elvstrom is fantastic.

CLAUDE L. KOHLER

1960 Olympic Yachting Team  
New Orleans

WHOWA!

Sirs:

In response to Mr. Goodman and Mr. Donnelly, who wrote with pointed questions about horse racing (19TH HOLE, Aug. 26): first, let me say that I am neither Establishment nor very wealthy. Nor am I a rabid gambler.

Mr. Goodman hit on the answer when he mentioned the "beautiful" horses. What I love is the beauty of the sport and the horses. It has a special beauty for those who wish to see it. There is an awesome beauty

continued

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## 10TH HOLE *Cont. from p. 1*

in the sight of a Dr. Fager demolishing his field—or the beauty of courage as two horses drive neck and neck, giving more than mere whips could ever force out of them—or the beauty in the flaky showman-ship and conceit of a Native Diver.

The personal mystique of the rich? Can Mr. Goodman buy himself a toothball team? Yet no doubt he enjoys the sport. And senseless! Most sports, examined objectively, are rather stupid. Where is the point in abnormally tall adults running around in what looks like their underwear trying to throw a ball through a hoop? (Incidentally, I very much enjoy basketball.)

Today the emphasis is on speed. That's just the way it is. Personally, I have never been able to understand why a horse who runs  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile slowly and  $\frac{1}{8}$  mile fast should be rated over a horse who runs seven furlongs fast, though many persist in doing so. Tracks are kinder and faster today, causing faster speeds, but, naturally, more injuries. Don't blame the horses—blame the tracks. And weight—any top horse can carry 140 pounds, if his competition is carrying comparable weights. The important thing is the spread that a horse must concede.

As for rating the horses of today, Mr. Donnelly is quite right in warning money-winnings as a criterion. The two useless rulers in rating horses of different stras are earnings and timing. The only way to rate horses of today with those of yesterday is by their style of winning, and the final judgment must be left to time. In the past few years, Kelso, Native Diver, Buckpasser, Graustark, Danamus, Dr. Fager and others have been hailed by more or less fulsome commentators as great. In the end only time (not timings) will tell. Let's come back in 20 years and judge.

CAROLYN GRAY

San Bernardino, Calif.

Sirs,

I was shocked when I read in 19th Hole the comments that Mr. Eli Goodman and Mr. Bill Donnelly had about horse racing. I don't know how Mr. Goodman can fail to consider horse racing a sport. It's one of the most exciting in the field. In baseball, it doesn't take brains to hit a ball with a wooden stick. I'll bet the cavemen could have done it. As for football, to me it seems like a wild man's sport, with men piling up on each other.

I agree with him that gambling is what lures many to the track and that if there was no betting, few people would go, but he hasn't thought of some of the dedicated fans who don't care about winning or losing money, but come to the track to see fine-bred horses and topnotch jockeys duel against each other.

He also says that racing doesn't "invig-

orate the body and build character." I suppose he is thinking of the owners, who, he thinks, sit around and wait for money to fall into their laps. But what about the trainers, who spend their time and energy to teach a Thoroughbred the ways of racing, and the jockeys, who, every day, "invigorate the body" when heeding horses back against their will or urge them forward and down the stretch with all their strength? He is thinking of racing from the viewpoint of the spectator. He's right that he doesn't really get exercise. But think about professional baseball and football fans—they don't either.

To finish off, I think horse racing is the finest sport, so SA, don't stop writing about it.

BARBARA TUTTLE

Rockville, Md.

## TOOTH OF THE TIGER

Sirs,

In a letter printed in the 19th Hole of the August 26 issue, Mike Doyle stated that Willie Horton and Al Kaline lead the Detroit Tigers in hitting with averages of .274. He also implied that Denny McLain must be a phenomenal pitcher to have already won 25 games for a team whose best average is only .274. I don't see how anybody can be that stupid. The Tigers have tremendous power and lead the league in scoring runs. Granted, McLain is a fine pitcher, but if he were on another American League club he would not be on his way to 30 wins.

STEVE SHILLER

Atlanta

Sirs,

According to Mike Doyle, Denny McLain has to look high and low for a run. But may I remind Mike that a team doesn't have to have high batting averages to score runs? As of August 23, the Tigers had scored a meager 525 runs to lead the American League and be second in the majors. This is a meager average of a little more than four runs per game. Poor Denny can stop looking for runs, he already has them.

FRANK SILVERWILL

Highland Park, Ill.

Sirs,

One reader argues that Denny McLain's success story was due primarily to his fantastic pitching. This reader quoted some Detroit batting averages, found only four hitters over .250 and stated, "That is hardly the kind of hitting to provide for a 25-3 record." Another reader based McLain's success on Tiger hitting. Who is right?

Here are the real facts. As of August 30, Detroit's team batting average with McLain as the starting pitcher was .248. The team's overall average was only .229.

JERRY TURCK

Lafayette, Calif.

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